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Blackfoot NF6

[For information on shamans, see Category 756; on herbalists and midwives, see Category 759; on magicians and diviners, see Category 791; and on bundle-owners and leaders of ceremonies, see Category 793.]

[ca. 1850]

to the existing Blackfoot ceremonial pattern of the medicine 796
bundle. The beaver medicine men in particular contributed both
to the symbolism and the sacred paraphernalia of the Black- 177
foot sun dance.

A woman, the medicine woman, played the leading role in 796
the Blackfoot sun dance. Only a woman who had lived a virtuous
life, one who had always been true to her husband, could qualify 793
for this part. She assumed this sacred role by making a solemn 796
vow to the sun at a time of crisis in her family. She promised
the sun that if her sick loved one should regain health or her 793
warrior son or husband return home safely from a perilous raid, 782
she would undergo the sacrifice of serving as medicine woman
in the sun dance of her tribe. This sacrifice involved not only
the purchase of a costly natoas bundle worth many horses, but
also the observance of a fatiguing fast and the personal respon-
sibility for the success of the complex ceremony. She knew full 796
well that should anything go amiss during the ceremony, she 793
alone would be blamed, and both her veracity and her virtue
would be denounced by her fellow tribesmen.

If her appeal to the sun was answered, the woman's promise was formally proclaimed to the people of her camp. She faced the sun, and a man experienced in the sun dance ritual publicly declared that this woman, whose prayer to the sun had been answered, promised to give the sun dance. In some years more than one woman in a tribe made this sacred promise. Each was
required to purchase a bundle and assume the medicine woman's
role. Perhaps this accounted for the existence of several natoas [778]
bundles in each Blackfoot tribe. Other virtuous women pledged
themselves to assume the less demanding roles of "coming forward to the tongues" and assisting the medicine woman.

In the spring of the year a messenger was sent from the camp 796
in which a woman had pledged to serve as medicine woman to
the other scattered bands of the tribe. He presented tobacco to 203
the chief of each band and informed him of the woman's promise.
After the bands assembled in early summer to form the tribal 796
camp circle and begin the summer hunt, relatives of the medicine 237

[ca. 1850]

796 long poles connected by rawhide lines converged upon the medi-
cine lodge from the four cardinal directions. They sang as they
346 advanced. Then, using their poles as props, they carefully raised
the center pole into position so that it stood upright in the hole
dug to receive it. The medicine women stood by, praying that
this pole raising might be accomplished successfully. Should the
pole fail to stand upright, people would surely accuse her of
being less virtuous than she proclaimed to be.

796 Raising the center pole provided the dramatic climax to the
medicine woman's role in the sun dance. Once this pole was
346 firmly planted, her assistants led her to her lodge, where she
793 broke her fast on berry soup. Her husband took a final sweat
[262] bath to purify himself. Meanwhile, the other men of the great
encampment completed the medicine lodge as quickly as pos-
[783] sible by binding the rafters with the prepared hide thongs and
covering the sides of the lodge with green cottonwood boughs.

796 Early the next morning a booth of cottonwood boughs was
346 erected on the west side of the medicine lodge. This booth was
occupied by two or more men who periodically left it to dance
796 to the accompaniment of several old men who sang and beat
535 upon a buffalo rawhide with rattles. Wearing only breechclouts
[292] and moccasins, the dancers faced the sun and blew upon eagle-
bone whistles. Their dance consisted primarily of raising and
[534] lowering themselves on their toes in time to the music. These
[821] dancers were spoken of as "weather dancers" because they were
responsible for preventing rain and insuring sunny weather
through the remaining days of the ceremony. They usually per-
formed for four days, during which they refrained from eating.
At intervals during this period persons approached the weather
dancers to be painted and prayed for.

796 On the first of the four days a fire pit was dug between the
center pole and the entrance to the medicine lodge on its east
372 side. Then, one by one, victorious warriors entered the medicine
796 lodge, hung offerings to the sun on the center pole, and recounted
their war exploits. After reciting each brave deed, a warrior
372 placed a stick on the fire. Those who could add enough sticks
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particular owner. To possess a large herd of horses is today still a sign 231
of opulence. In 1939 there were 1,650 head of horses owned by 154
Indians. These horses may be divided into two categories: (1) Draft [556]
horses which are bought by the agency with trust funds and given
out to farmers and old people. These have no commercial value in [657]
themselves because they are restricted from sale or change of title [425]
by agency regulations. (2) Horses which have been purchased by
an Indian or given to him independently of the agency. These con-
sist mostly of light, unbroken horses which have been acquired
probably through the intra- or inter-reserve system of horse trading
and gift-giving. An Indian is free to handle these animals as he
wishes.

Eleven Indians are raising horses on a more or less major scale 233
for commercial sale. The range mares are bred with blooded stal-
lions, the colts allowed to run wild for two years, and then broken
to saddle or harness. Such horses usually bring at least $50 each. [435]
With a 25 per cent annual increase in the herd and a herd of 50, a
man could expect a minimum gross income of about $600. Fre- [434]
quently these horses bring more than $50. The income from horses [435]
has been about $5,000 per annum during the past few years, so that
at present these eleven Indians have a fairly substantial business. [434]
There is a considerable potential industry here, if the reserve could
supply its own work horses, unless draft horses were supplanted by
tractors. In 1939, $1,000 was spent buying horses from three of
these raisers for the use of the farmers. This trend has been encour-
aged by the purchase of blooded stallions with trust funds in an
effort to increase the market price of reserve horses. The limits of
this type of enterprise are set in part by the available pasture; yet
there is a genuine interest here, for the raisers themselves are eager
for fine stock. They have been known to pay a white man several
hundred dollars for a good horse, part thoroughbred, with a special
eye, however, to its racing capacities.

Old range animals are also sold for $10 to $20 to farms near by as [435]
meat for foxes. A few young men are good riders and have made
several hundred dollars by bronco riding at neighbouring stampedes 541
and rodeos. The latter is a popular, though not very lucrative, 434
occupation.

(3) *Miscellaneous sources of income.* One of the few remaining
sources of income for the Blackfoot which continues from buffalo 793
days as a portion of the indigenous cultural fabric is the fee to the 434
functionary who directs religious ceremonials. This may well be

793 434 considered a source of income. All who wish to give a ceremony must obtain the services of a "master of ceremonies" who knows the song-routine and is able to say prayers. Then, depending on the complexity of the task, this functionary is paid for his services by the man who holds the ceremonial. The fee varies with what can be mustered as payment by the donor. It was a single bureau in the case of a one-evening Deer Dance; several blankets, horses, and cash for a Sun Dance which lasted, of course, many days. All religious acts, whether a simple prayer said for a person going to jail or a long, complex observance like the Tobacco Dance, require such a functionary who must be paid his fee.

793 To become a master of ceremonies for a given bundle requires once having owned the bundle and then having memorized its ritual. Many have owned a particular bundle but never learned the accompanying rites. In the transaction between master and apprentice two things are involved: first, a power to sing the songs must be transferred, a power such that the person will never "forget" them. Second, the actual songs must be taught, a laborious process involving, in some cases, several hundred songs that must be learned in order, letter- and melody-perfect. Once equipped, the new master of ceremonies must wait for an occasion when he is called upon to perform for the first time; if he is then successful, he will soon acquire a reputation and be in demand.

In 1941 there were about a dozen masters of ceremonies on the reserve. Most were able to lead only one or two kinds of ceremonial, though some knew many more. In complex ceremonials like the Sun Dance and Tobacco Dance only two were competent to lead. For a Medicine Pipe three or four could perform adequately; for the Deer Dance there may have been half a dozen. A man's annual income from this source depends largely upon reputation.

759 434 In competition with the hospital are a number of medical practitioners who earn fees from their services. These persons are usually specialists for swellings, blood poisoning, female complaints, etc., and nearly every cluster of houses can produce at least one such practitioner. The income derived from this source is, however, usually small, so that this knowledge is no guarantee of an abundant life. A shirt or a blanket is a typical gift from the patient, or in the case of a spectacular and painstaking cure, a piece of furniture or a horse.

443 434 There are also a few enterprising persons who earn money by vending. At horse races, tribal encampments, and wherever groups of people convene, some family may undertake to sell soft drinks

624 534 [776] [301] problem during long ceremonies in which many rattles were used.

The dry berries were strung on necklaces.

This berry was the one used by the girl who escaped from the cannibal in the story of the Lost Children (Wissler, Mythology of the Blackfoot Indians, p. 128).

Artemisia campestris

[281] An infusion of the root was rubbed on a hide that was being tanned.

Artemisia frigida

For deodorant, saddles, (Fig. 34) womens' pillows, hide bags and quivers were stuffed with Artemisia frigida and A. ludoviciana.

[534] In the preparation of rattles, the skin was moulded around balls of the plant.

[237] [413] Paint applicators made from broken shoulder blades of buffalo or cattle were cleaned with A. frigida, then dipped in another color.

[751] Quantities of the plant were put on campfire coals and the smoke repelled mosquitoes.

[524] Children played a game of clubbing gophers unconcious and reviving them holding the crushed leaves to the animal's nostrils.

[281] Hides were treated with water in which the plant had been soaked or brewed.

Aster spp.

The various color forms of this genus were thought to be the effect of aging rather than indicative of taxonomic difference. The sequence went from white to blue and finally yellow.

[773] The Holy Woman of the Sun Dance wore a necklace of the yellow form.

[524] [857] Children rubbed the flowers on their bouncing arrows for color.

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 111]

824 524 [401] flowerhead of "gumweed" (probably *Grindelia squarrosa*). The stem[A] was filled with water, the top end plugged in the same way and a stick was fitted into the bottom to afford a piston-like action for squirting the water out the far end. The child used his squirt-gun to kill crickets and such, after which he declared that he had "killed his meat".

[158] Infirm people would use the stems to suck soup and stew without raising up.

824 *Hierchloe odorata*

Saddles were packed with this grass (as well as sage) to keep them smelling good.

Juniperus spp.

[462] [237] Women collected quantities of the berry, inserted small sticks through them, and dried them. Then grease was poured over campfire coals and the [301] [237] [294] berries held in the thick smoke which turned them black. The berries were polished and strung on rawhide thongs for necklaces, wristlets, or clothing decorations. Sometimes they were interspersed with *Eleagnus* berries.

[281] Hides were yellowed in the smoke of the greased leaves.

"Kah-pook-see"

824 435 276 This wood was sought in the making of pipestems and was considered very valuable because it was obtained only after hazardous travel into the Big Horn River country. A horse and several blankets might be paid for a single piece suitable for one pipestem. Pipe tamps were made of the same wood.

824 *Lithospermum ruderale*

524 793 Children nicknamed this plant "holy turnip" and used the stems as headpieces in their play, probably mimicking the affairs of the Holy Woman who owned the Natoas Bundle.

A./The stem of *Heracleum lantum*--Analyst/

593 My husband used to get mad at me for crumbs of bread that used to be all over the bed.

THE HOLY WOMEN AMONG MY GRANDMOTHERS

771 All of my traditional grandmothers prayed a lot and believed
in their religion. To me they were all holy women,
793 living a sacred way of life. But there were special ones among
them who were revered by the rest of the tribe as holy women.
796 These were the sponsors of the Sun Dance, or medicine lodge
ceremonies. That is the highest religious event among my people,
and it is always sponsored by a noble woman who has
been true to her husband and otherwise upstanding in life.
This fact, by itself, has long helped women to have a special
standing in our tribe.

778 The legend of the medicine lodge ceremony has been
handed down from our long-ago ancestors. Even today most
of our people know at least some parts of it. I have heard
long versions told by several of my elders. This legend is perhaps
comparable to the story of Christmas among Christians.
It tells our people that Sun is the main representative of the
Creator. It also tells how some of our long-ago ancestors were
[771] taken up to Sun to bring back blessings for our people. Much
of our religion centers around the wonderful stories and ceremonies
796 that were brought back from Sun. Each holy woman
who has sponsored a Sun Dance has represented one of the
793 legendary messengers from Sun. Thus the holy women are also
known as Sun Women, and the holy lodges they build are
also known as Sun Lodges. All the people gather to help
build these lodges, in the middle of summer, when Sun is
[361] closest to our country. In the old days this was about the
only time in the year that all the bands of the tribe assembled
in one place, together. Everyone could go before the

796 holy woman, inside the Sun Lodge, to receive some of the
793 blessings sent down from Sun by the woman whom each holy
woman has represented.

There are still several holy women among the divisions of
796 the Blackfoot Confederacy, although the medicine lodge cere-
[793] mony is not held every year anymore. Among the Bloods there
was a ten-year period without a Sun Lodge, and among
the North Piegans the time without one was over twenty
[186] years. But with the cultural and spiritual reawakening of re-
cent years there have been several medicine lodges put up,
so that the younger generations again have this powerful spir-
itual drama to look forward to.

793 Two of the oldest holy women in recent years happen to
be among my grandmothers and I consider my relationships
with them to have been a lifetime blessing. In addition, several
of my long-ago grandmothers also put up Sun Lodges, though
I imagine all the young people in our tribes have such grand-
[186] mothers, if they only knew about them. Such knowledge helps
us to find pride in our ancestry.

One of the two old holy women that I've known was SeseenAki, or Mrs. Many-Guns, of the North Piegans. She was around one hundred years old when she passed away, just lately. For many years she was blind and unable to put up any more Sun Dances. But she always came to the ceremonies and gave her blessings through prayers, songs, and her knowledge. It was very moving to hear her praying for everyone, and saying that all the people were her relations. Like many elders, she believed very strongly in a love for all mankind.

For many years old SeseenAki was the only holy woman among the North Piegan people. But the year before her passing she helped to initiate Josephine Crow Shoe in this very sacred duty, so that now a younger woman can take her place. For more than twenty years Josephine and her husband, 793 Joe Crow Shoe, have also been the keepers of a medicine pipe bundle.

551 553 The holy woman that I grew up knowing best is Mrs. Rides-at-the-Door, whose Indian name is Stealing-Different-Things Woman. Her name is a good example of unusual Blackfoot customs, since I am quite sure this woman has never stolen anything in her whole life. No one among the Bloods doubts her pure record of living. She got the name from a relative when she was just a baby. The relative was an old warrior who was proud of having stolen many different things on war raids, and wanted to bless the little girl with his life of good luck.

793 [123] A few years ago Mrs. Rides-at-the-Door camped with us in our tipi during a medicine lodge ceremony among our Blackfoot relatives in Montana. She went to assist the blind Mrs. Many-Guns, who had been asked to initiate a young woman who was sponsoring the ceremony. She said that it was very hard for old women such as herself to go through the four days of ceremonial work and fasting that precede the building of the medicine lodge, yet she hardly complained while she was doing it. Most of the holy work performed during those four days is private, but toward the end of it the holy woman's tipi is opened up so that the people can look in and see, while the sacred Natoas bonnet is fastened upon [301] [779] her head. Mrs. Rides-at-the-Door gave me a special blessing at that time by calling me in before her so that she could go through a brief ceremony during which I was initiated to wear a sacred necklace like those that holy women and their husbands wear. On it are beads, a shell, and a lock of hair, all with symbolic meanings. I thought how long back my ancestors have been passing on these meanings and blessings through the same ceremonial initiation, while the old holy woman painted my face, sang a song, and tied the necklace around me.

SOME THOUGHTS FROM THE HOLY WOMAN MRS. RIDES-AT-THE-DOOR

755 Yellow-Buffalo-Stone Woman was the first one to initiate me for the Okan, or medicine lodge ceremony. That was about forty years ago, when I was still having children. I made my first vow for my daughter, who was in the hospital and just about died. I was there with her, and the nurses said that she was dead. They started to cover her, but my old mother and I wouldn't let them. Instead, we began to doctor her in our Indian way, and we revived her. The nurses were Catholic nuns, and they just stood and watched. If one of them had revived my daughter's life in that way, I think they would have written about it in the newspapers.

796 My mother sponsored Sun Dances also. I grew up with
that kind of life because she kept me close to her. That first
793 time I vowed the Sun Dance I said I would fast for four days.
[262] That is the old way. At later Sun Dances they told me I would
[178] only have to fast for two days. Things have changed.

They made me chew tobacco. Yellow-Buffalo-Stone Woman
793 had a lot of power for putting up Sun Dances, and she was
276 famous for her ceremonial knowledge. She would break off a
piece of twist tobacco and put it in my mouth and tell me to
chew on it to keep from being thirsty and hungry. She would
just give me a handkerchief and tell me to spit the tobacco
on it. She warned me not to swallow my saliva.

793 I was very young when I first started with this holy business, and now I am an old woman, on account of it. It has been a very trying life, especially during the medicine lodge ceremonies. Sometimes when I had to go out during the four days of rituals my assistants would have to hold me up, I would be so weak. I have always been devoted to my religious duties to help my family and people. All the younger people are like my children.

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793 Three times I put up a lodge for White-Shield Woman. I
796 initiated her each time, and she wore my Natoas headdress,
from the sacred bundle that hangs over my bed. Twice my
425 sister transferred the sacred ceremony and twice I transferred
it on my own, and once I transferred with my brother as a partner. That was after my husband died. Of course, while he was living he was my partner for the Sun Dances. Twice I have transferred the ceremony with Mrs. Many-Guns, both times to women of the South Piegans, in Montana [the Blackfeet]. I have transferred it three more times just in the past couple of years, and I may transfer it again in the future, if someone makes the vow.

824 Some of my grandchildren say that they don't like the smell
of my sweet pine incense. They tell me: "Why did you put
sweet pine among our clothes? They smell strange and holy."
I guess other kids in school make fun of them, although we
303 were proud to smell that way when we were youngsters. In
those days we used sweet pine as a perfume. Those are the same sweet pine needles that we use to make incense for medicine pipe bundles. We also make a perfume from flowers called Gros-Ventre Scent, because they are favorites of the Gros Ventre Indians. We used to crush those flowers and mix them with sweet pine needles and some bits of cottonwood punk, and we made a really fragrant perfume that we tied up
302 in little bags. My husband used to perfume his pillow and the
things he slept in. When he died I put a lot of this perfume in his coffin and in his blanket that he was wrapped in. Now, sometimes when we are sitting around at home, we get whiffs of that perfume from out of nowhere. I always tell my grandchildren: "That must be him coming around me."

One time I went to mourn for one of my relatives that had died. My children brought me to the relative's home, and some other grandchildren took me home later. On the way home the girls said: "Let's put some perfume on our grandmother," and they started putting store perfume on me. I thought to myself:

773 lodge, among his people. Anthropologists say that my an-
796 cestors got the Sun Dance from tribes to the south, who origi-
nally got it from the Aztecs of Mexico.

[177] There are several legends that include accounts of the origins of various parts of the Sun Dance ceremony. After Scarface told the people about building the holy lodge, another young man was given instructions to have all the virtuous women assemble by this lodge and confess the times in their life when they were approached by men other than their husbands. They had to give the details of each encounter, but if they submitted to any of these approaches, then they were disqualified. Those who did qualify were instructed to help cut the one hundred buffalo tongues that became the tribal Sun Dance sacrament. Any of these women then became eligible to make the vow necessary for each year's medicine lodge ceremony.

HOW THE HOLY WOMAN'S HEADDRESS CAME TO BE

● 793 It is said that these early holy women wore only wreaths
292 of creeping juniper branches on their heads. At that time the
ceremony was still quite simple, but later on it became very
778 complex. A major addition to it came with the Natoas, or
holy woman's headdress, for which many sacred songs are
sung. This is how the origin story for that headdress has been
handed down.

773 There was once a cow elk who left her husband and ran
away with another bull. Her husband wanted to have her
539 back, so he went around to different birds and animals and
292 asked them to help. The moose and the raven were the only
778 ones who were willing. Since they were in the thick forest by
the mountains, the raven offered to go look first. He flew away
and stayed gone for four days before he returned with the
news. He said he had found the runaway couple and, with

followed her whenever she would take them. She was finally 701
killed during one of her war adventures.

Because this woman died sometime around 1850 the actual 462
facts of her life are now hard to separate from the popular
legends. My grandmothers of today still talk about her, and an
old book about her life can be found on some library shelves.
However, all the stories agree that this woman was very suc-
cessful in all but her final efforts, and that she was well liked
and respected by her people. It is generally believed that she [193]
was also a holy woman who put up Sun Dances, for which
she qualified by never marrying or taking a lover in her life. [589]
It is said that she pledged herself to Sun, as the result of a
vision of power.

The popular story is that Running Eagle began life as an
ordinary Blackfoot girl named Brown Weasel Woman. She
had two brothers and two sisters, and her father was a well-
known warrior. When she became of the age that boys begin 701
to practice hunting, she asked her father to make a set of bow 462
and arrows with which she could practice. He did so, though
not without some argument from his wives. It is said that he 868
even allowed her to go with him buffalo hunting, and that she
learned to shoot well enough to bring some down.

It was during one of the buffalo hunts with her father that 701
this unusual girl is said to have first shown her warrior's 462
courage. There were only a few Blackfoot hunters in the
party, and it was not far from the camps when an enemy 726
war party attacked and chased it. As the people rode toward
the camp at top speed, Brown Weasel Woman's father had
his horse shot out from under him. One of the bravest deeds
performed by warriors in the old days was to brave the enemy
fire while riding back to rescue a companion who was left on
foot. This is what the daughter did for her father, both of
them making their escape on her horse, after she stopped
to unload the fresh meat that was tied on behind her. When
word of the attack reached the rest of the tribe, a great crowd

755 strength of the child. Yellow-Painted Lodge asked: "Do you
553 want this baby to become a man?" Little Bear told him he
did. Then he told Little Bear to make incense. He said: "I will sing my power song. If my power comes alive then I will give its name to this baby and it will grow up to be a strong man. He brought out his rawhide spider and placed it on a bunch of grass and began to sing. After he breathed on his hand, the spider began to move around, then ran across the floor to Little Bear and his wife. They saw it. Then it went back to Yellow-Painted Lodge, who put it away. He said: "Since my power has come alive for your child, I will give him the name Spider."

553 Spider lived to be an old man who died just a few years before I was born. He was a farmer whose favorite pastime was going to Indian dances. The old people say that when he danced he drifted so gently that he looked like a piece of eagle down. He always wore very elaborate beaded costumes, painted his face with bright and striking designs, and combed his hair in special styles for which he was noted. He never cut his hair during his lifetime, which earned him his other name, Long Hair.

THE INITIATIONS OF PAULA WEASEL HEAD, A BLOOD ELDER

by Paula Weasel Head

796 I'm going to tell you a little bit about the holy initiations
562 that I have gone through in my lifetime of over seventy years,
to show you what a woman can take part in with our tribal
852 culture. Because my father loved me very much he took me
along with him to all kinds of ceremonies that he went to.
● 793 His name was Iron, and he was famous for going through
more holy initiations than anyone else here, among the

Bloods. He owned a number of different medicine pipe bundles and he joined the Horns Society many times. He lived to be nearly a hundred years old, and he died not too many years ago. 793

When I was just a little girl my father purchased a painted-lodge design for me. The design was put on a new tipi for the transfer ceremony. It wasn't a big tipi, it was just a little tipi, big enough for kids to play in. My mother made it for me so that I could use it with my friends. They hired an old man to conduct the ceremony so that I would be properly initiated for it. My mother sat in the tipi with me, as my partner. I was not the only little girl that was given such a tipi. There were a few others. 852 532 [343]

My sister and I were then in boarding school. That was in the days when they didn't even allow us to come home for the Sun Dance. My mother came to the school and she put up the tipi in the summertime. She put it up right by the school, and nobody bothered it. She put in a small tipi liner that had designs painted on it. She tanned some little animal furs and she put them inside my tipi for rugs. She even made little bags from rawhide and put them all around the inside, just like a regular lodge. Sometimes on her way to visit us at the school, my mother would stop at Long-Nosed Crow's [the trader R. N. Wilson's store] and buy a lot of groceries. Then she would tell me to invite all my friends to the tipi and she would serve a big meal—all kinds of food and berries. Sometimes even the nuns came over and sat in the little tipi with us. 871 343 851

The design on my tipi was very pretty. It was given to one of the old people from the past, in a dream. The cover was painted yellow, and it had four lines of colored circles going from top to bottom. The circles stood for stars, and there was a row of them at each of the four directions—east, west, north, and south. I don't know how many years I had that tipi, but it finally wore out and disappeared. I have never painted that 532

796 Sometimes he will be sleeping without his clothes on, and he
778 will be surprised. We say, "He was awakened with a medicine
pipe."

They had other ceremonies at the Sun Dance in those days,
too. There were two or three beaver bundles, and sometimes
778 they were opened or transferred. My father had one of these,
793 once. His father was named Khi-soum—Sun—and he was the
main beaver man among the Bloods. He and his wives knew
all about the birds and animals that were in the bundle. There
must have been hundreds of them, all skinned and tanned.
Some had glass beads sewn in for eyes. Some had hair stuffed
in their bodies to look real. Us kids were painted and blessed
for some of these things. My grandfather Khi-soum was a real
beaver man, just like a bishop. He knew all the many songs
for the bundle, and he knew the legends and ceremonies.
793 Beaver men knew the weather and how the seasons change.
821 They kept count of the days and passing moons with sticks
805 from their bundles. They were in charge of the Sun Dance, and
796 of the Holy Smoke Ceremonies that we still have during nights
in winters. They even had medicine pipes in their bundles.
778 They were called beaver pipes, or water pipes, because that's
where they were first given to the people.

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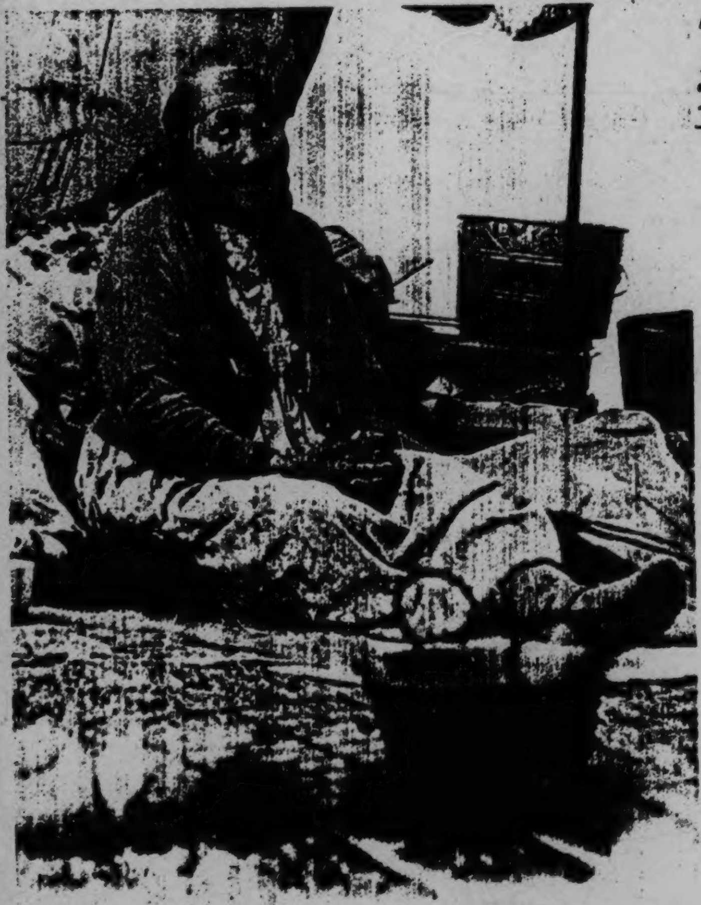

Stealing-Different-Things-Woman, or Annie Rides-at-the-Door, who was for many years the last holy woman among the Bloods. In this picture she stayed with us in our tipi during a Sun Dance among our Montana Blackfoot relatives. She was the initiating grandmother for the ceremonies. (PHOTO: ADOLF HUNGRY WOLF)

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A young Blood man named Black Plume and his two wives. One of their sons, as an old man, used to live next door to my family. He said his father and mothers got along well. Some notable and ambitious men among my ancestors had as many as ten wives. The last old-timer who officially had two died around the time I was born. (PHOTO: GLENBOW-ALBERTA INSTITUTE)

Three noted Blood women ready for a celebration in the 1920's. From left to right they are Double-Victory-Woman, Heavy Face, and Takes-a-Man. They were leaders of sacred ceremonies, members of the Motokiks society, and married to leading men. Except for the cloth of their dresses, and the funky hat in the middle, they appear as they might have one or two hundred years ago. (PHOTO: GLENBOW-ALBERTA INSTITUTE)

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Recent leaders of the sacred Sun Dance ceremony, inside their sacred tipi,
among the North Piegan division of the Blackfoot Nation. At the left is the
Blood holy woman, Mrs. Rides-at-the-Door, who was initiating a new holy
woman, Josephine Crow Shoe (Nez-Perce-Woman), seated next to her. In the
center is Josephine's husband, Joe, and next to him is Mike Swims Under, who
was helping the widowed Mrs. Rides-at-the-Door to initiate the new couple.
Next to him is my husband, Adolf, who had the honor to serve as the cere-
[534] monial assistant. In front of him lie rawhide rattles used to accompany the
many sacred songs which must be sung for this ceremony. Between the two
[778] men lies the sacred Natoas bundle, which has already been taken down from
its hanging place on a tipi pole, at the rear. After more singing and ceremony
the bundle was unwrapped and the sacred headdress brought out, put together,
342 and placed on the new holy woman. (PHOTO: BEVERLY HUNGRY WOLF) *Below,*
the old and the new: In a camp of tipis, canvas-wall tents, and modern camp-
252 ing tents, an old woman fixes her meals in the ancient manner, over an
outdoor fire. (PHOTO: ADOLF HUNGRY WOLF)

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said, "The half-red, half-yellow design. We got it 342
long time ago, too." 532

It was a familiar story. We had just finished making our own new tipi. Our old one, with another
design, had been too frail to stand for the 342
three weeks of the encampment, exposed to 532
winds, rains, and Sun on the unprotected Belly 424
Buttes. SikskiAki sewed the new cover, and we both painted it with the red, yellow, and black of the otter design. This particular design had belonged
to SikskiAki's grandfather, Joe Beebe. It [431]
had been given to him as a present by his first wife's brother. That brother was Old Weaselhead, Mokakin's stepfather. Joe Beebe had given him his favorite racehorse, with split ears, in return. The tipi was later transferred to a North Blackfoot man, and Joe Beebe bought it back when he married SikskiAki's grandmother. The canvas cover they used fell victim to old age, but the rights to use the design were saved from a similar fate when it was transferred to us by Grandma.

After our tipi was set up, we were invited by Harry Shade to have lunch at his lodge. It was a new white tipi that had been made by SikskiAki's mother just before the encampment. Harry Shade, or IshtapatauMachkan ("Running in the Back"), had planned to paint the lodge with the snake design, so that his old grandfather, Wolf Old Man, could transfer the rights to him during the Sun Dance. The rights were transferred as planned, but the tipi painting had to wait until later, since the family was preparing for the ceremony in which Mrs. Shade would become a member of the women's society known as the Motokiks.

Wolf Old Man was the leading holy man left 123
among our People, having spent most of his 115
ninety-four years giving spiritual leadership and [793]
physical doctoring. By the Powers of our Old Ways he remained active and well, and by these same Powers, I was brought to him to become, in his opinion, the one who would carry on his Spirit

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companion, Mike Yellow Bull, held him steady 574
from behind until he was safely inside. Slowly, he walked around the fireplace toward me.

"*T'kcha?*"—Who is that?—the Old Man [576]
called out, as he pointed to Albert with one of his canes. In our tipi, he always sits at the place of honor, immediately to my left, where Albert was sitting.

"Makwi Poka," Albert replied. The Old Man was momentarily confused, since our little boy, also named Makwi Poka, usually sits at my right. Then he recognized the voice and said, "Oh, my old son-in-law," his tone implying that he should have known who it was. He was referring to Albert's first marriage to his daughter, Victoria.

Albert got up and we helped the Old Man sit
down in the honored place. At ninety-four, his 887
vigorous outdoor life had helped him grow old in 147
good health. Although his eyes were nearly worn out and his knees were weak, he was one of the few Old People who could sit through our all-night ceremonies and still be alert and joking when Sun came up in the morning.

The Old Man was the last holy man to fol- 793
low the Old Ways of our People. He had spent 756
his lifetime giving spiritual guidance to our People, doctoring them when their health failed, and leading their ceremonies when they came together to pray.

He had been born in the year 1877. His 551
father's name was also Wolf Old Man, and his
mother was the younger of Wolf Old Man's two
wives. Not long after our Old Man's birth, Wolf [587]
Old Man died. Our Old Man's mother then mar-

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 13A]

ried a young warrior named Scraping White, who 551
already had one wife and three children. When
Scraping White's oldest daughter saw her new
little brother she told her mother, "I like my new [553]
brother—I want his name to be Napi." So he was
called Napi, "Old Man." Many years later he
took the name of his original father, Wolf Old
Man. On the tribe records his name is Willie [874]
Scraping White, and it was by this name that he
was called during the three years that he attended
the Calgary Industrial School in the 1890s.

"No, I didn't get much schooling at that 874
place," he once told us, "because the instructors
thought that a fellow my size would be more use
to them out in the fields than in the classroom.
I'm glad," he said with a smile, "because I liked
the outdoors much better than the insides of
buildings." The Old Man speaks only very broken [191]
English and he never did learn to read or write.
But he did become the school's star football [212]
player. He used to tuck his long braids up under [526]
his helmet. "When I came back to the reserve the
kids wanted me to teach them how to play, and [302]
the girls sure admired me when I passed the ball a [554]
long ways," he said with a combined look of pride
and embarrassment. He was usually too modest to
tell of his personal accomplishments. Unfortunately, several accidents while playing football
and ice hockey weakened his knees. "Better to
have weak knees than a weak mind," he sometimes said to console himself. After three years in
the school's fields he finally decided to ask how
much longer he would have to stay. "I never knew
that I was allowed to ask the principal such a
question," he said, "so I felt pretty foolish when
he told me that I was free to go whenever I
wanted. I packed up pretty fast and left." He was [797]
also one of the first students at St. Paul's Anglican
School, on the Blood Reserve, though he did not [873]
stay long.

The Old Man learned much about our Old 115
Ways from his stepfather, Scraping White, who 793
was Owner of many sacred Medicines and knew

how to lead Medicine ceremonies. He also received 115
many Teachings from his stepfather's 793 ●
friends and from his own neighbors, respected
leaders like Sun Chief, Big Wolf, and Packs His
Tail. The Old Man was one of the last of our
People to know the Spirit of these ancient Teachings.
For that reason he was happy to have me as 829
"grandson" and student. It pleased him to know [123]
that many of those Teachings are now written
down for people who are yet unborn. "I sometimes
wonder," he told me, "why our Old People
never learned to read and write their own languages,
so that they could have passed on all their
wonderful knowledge of the old-time world."

Wolf Old Man was noted among our People 793
for his knowledge of herbs and his methods of
doctoring. He was the last of our old-time doctors. [756]
However, it was his spiritual leadership of which [759]
he was most proud. He enjoyed telling about a
recent incident that occurred while he was returning 486
home from a holy ceremony held on the reservation
of our Piegan division, in nearby Browning,
Montana. It was Sunday evening, a time when [273]
some members of our reserve return home with
U.S. spirits tucked under their car seats or stored
in their stomachs. In Canada, liquor is not sold
on Sundays. The car in which the Old Man was
riding was filled with others who had gone to the
ceremony. When they reached the Canadian customs
office, the men in charge prepared to make
their usual inspection. But when the chief inspector
looked inside and saw the Old Man, he called
out to his assistant, "It's alright, we don't have to
check this one—he's the Indian Bishop!"

Some time before us, the Old Man had been 793
Keeper of our Medicine Pipe Bundle for ten 778
years. Most of the Teachings he passed on to us
concern this Bundle. Although he was the oldest [533]
leader of Medicine Pipe ceremonies among our
People, he never learned all the fifty-six songs that [867]
were sung during these ceremonies in the Old
Days; his own Teacher, old Heavy Head, very
slow and thorough, had passed away before finish-

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ing his instructing. By that time the Old Man felt 793
he was too old to begin studying under another 778
Teacher, and decided to make the best of what he [533]
had already learned.

Other Teachings the Old Man gave to us [867]
include the Ways of our Sun Dance and our
Nighttime ceremonies, as well as our traditional 793
legends and some of the many true stories about
the adventures of various people of the past.

For many years, the Old Man's chief function
during our Sun Dances was that of Weather
Dancer. He was given the rights and Teachings
for this sacred duty by the former Weather
Dancer, Crow Spreads His Wings, who was his
brother. He gave the position up to the present [797]
Weather Dancer, Mark Old Shoes, who was informed
through a dream that he would grow old
if he accepted this duty. When I sought to fulfill 123
a personal vow to take over the duties of a
Weather Dancer, it was necessary for me to consider
Old Shoe's conditional assurance of his old
age. I did not wish to break the spiritual strength
of this dream nor cause him any sudden anxiety
about the span of his life. So I recently became

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 15A]

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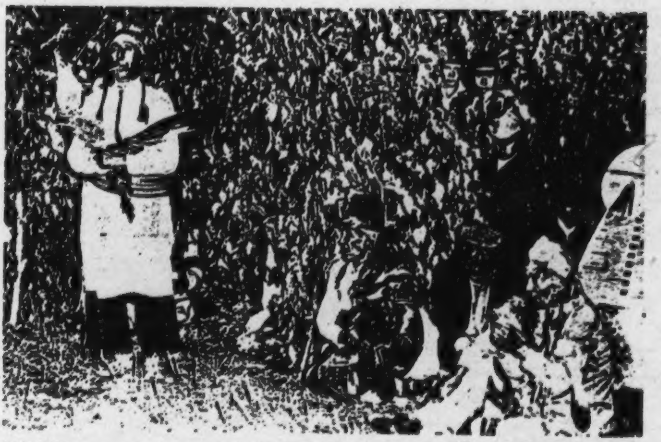

Wolf Old Man as head Weather Dancer during the Medicine Lodge ceremonies. He is holding an eagle-wing fan and sprigs of Creeping Juniper, the Sun Dance incense. He is blowing on an eagle bone whistle to keep time to his dancing and the drumming and singing. (Glenbow Archives)

[p.14-B]

Weather Dancer among the South Piegan divi- 123
sion of our People. Weather Dancers from vari- [793]
ous divisions often join together for Sun Dances.

Another of the Old Man's spiritual duties 793
was to serve as advisor to the Horns Society.
Among our People he was considered to have the 575
greatest knowledge of the society's songs and 561
ceremonies, having held seven different memberships in the society, including that of leader. The recent transfer was the tenth for which he had served as advisor. In his younger days, the Old Man also belonged to the now-extinct Brave Dogs and Pigeons societies.

As always, it was an honor to have the Old 574
Man visit our home. His presence inspired us 123
with the knowledge that it was still possible to find spiritual satisfaction with many of our Old Ways in this modern age. The strength of his old age let us find Power in his Teachings. With each visit he gave us more of his Good Spirits.

We sat in silence for a few moments after 576
the Old Man settled next to me. It is not proper 574
to ply a guest with many questions as soon as he arrives; nor does a guest usually begin a lengthy conversation until he has learned what mood is current in the lodge he has just entered. During that period of silence, SikskiAki came in, followed by Mokakin. As an old *Ninamskan*, or Pipe Man, he was given the second place of honor in the tipi, to the left of the Old Man.

Mokakin is learning to carry out two of the 575
Old Man's duties. During his past memberships 561
with the Horns he became acquainted with many [867]
of that society's functions, and is now looked
upon as an advisor by the new members. In addi- 759
tion, Mokakin is a successful doctor of several
minor physical ailments. He was given, in dreams [787]
this Power and shown the plants to use while he was sleeping near some old open-air burials in a secluded part of the reserve. His dreams came unexpectedly, while sleeping alone during a wintertime trapping expedition.

While SikskiAki served lunch to our three 778
574

[p. 15-A]

Crow." He spoke the Blackfoot language and 114
took an interest in the Old Ways. With notebook
and camera he recorded some of those Ways from
those who still knew their traditional meanings.
He wrote down the Blood versions of many old
tales told among the tribe. These were given to
him by the master storyteller, old Eagle Ribs. He
also wrote accounts of Medicine Pipe, Beaver
Bundle, and Nighttime ceremonies as they were
led by such holy men as Moon and Running
Wolf. He used both paper and camera to record
the last Medicine Lodge self-torture ceremony, at
which men who had promised to torture themselves
physically, in exchange for spiritual help
during some earlier time of need, fulfilled their
vows. Many of the customs and rituals Wilson
recorded still are alive in the Old Ways we observe
today.

Copies of Wilson's unpublished papers and 127
photographs are in the collections of the Glenbow
Foundation Archives in Calgary, Alberta. The
foundation's historical director, Hugh Dempsey,
was most helpful in my efforts to record all these
Old Ways; his staff also gave time, locating and
duplicating photographs and papers. It is good to
know that some museums and ethnologists care
more for our People's Ways than just to collect
their belongings.

□

In 1892, people were already living in log cabins 657
instead of tipis. They could not roam beyond 178
the limits of the reserve, and cows had replaced
buffalo as the source of meat. Nevertheless, most [342]
of the Blood People still taught their young and
lived according to the Teachings of the Old
Ways. They continued to be proud to be of the
Blood tribe, and worked hard to learn the songs
and ceremonies that had inspired their parents
and grandparents.

An example of how closely the People still 796
followed the Old Ways occurred during the 782
winter before the Okan. Seven women felt called
upon to vow to make the personal sacrifice of 793
"putting up the Medicine Lodge." Among our 796
People, the person who represents the tribe in the [156]

(TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 22A)

[P. 21-A]

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holy place of the Medicine Lodge ceremony is a 796
woman, a virtuous woman who has lived a [156]
straight life and knows the Good Spirits. The
holy woman's spiritual responsibilities are many
and her physical sufferings are strong. That's why
it was unusual to have as many as seven making
the sacred vows in one year.

Only a woman who has lived a pure life will [782]
approach the Holy Powers and offer to exchange
her physical suffering for the spiritual good of her
People. The vow is usually made in a time of
extreme need, such as a severe illness in her fam-
ily or a male relative gone on the warpath. (The 721
last battle between enemy war parties was fought 555
five years before the 1892 Okan. However, many 178
Blood men were still following the traditional
practice of proving their bravery and finding ad-
venture by raiding for horses or material trophies
in places distant from the reserve. This continued
well into the present century.)

After a woman has vowed to make the sacri- 782
fice of putting up the Medicine Lodge, she goes 796
to an old man, usually a respected member of her
family, and walks with him outdoors. He calls out
for Sun and all the Holy Powers to hear that this
woman is seeking protection for her family and
herself, so that she might fulfill her vow for the
good of all the People. The vow is usually made
during wintertime, giving her half the year to pre-
pare for the holy ceremony—the erection of the
holy temple in the center of the Sun Dance camp.

Early in the summer of 1892, the People of 796
the Blood tribe began to gather on the large flat
that lies north of Stand Off and to the east below
the Belly Buttes. Nearby was a large grove of cot- [372]
tonwoods where firewood was gathered. Next to
the camp flowed fresh mountain water in the
Belly River.

As the Blood tribe forms a division of the 619
Blackfoot Confederacy, so do several lesser bands 628
form divisions within the Bloods. In the Old
Days, these lesser bands often camped apart from [361]
each other, depending on their preferences of

[p. 22-A]

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the outside of the main bundle or slung over the 493
horse's back. Sacred Bundles were carried only on 492
a special horse and travois. Usually no one but the
Bundle's Owner could ride such a horse. Nor was [778]
that horse used to carry meat. This was to keep
the Spirit of the animal pure and clean for its [784]
holy duties.

The seven vowing Okan women and their 796
families were among the first to arrive at the 346
camp circle. They pitched their tipis closer to the
center of the circle than the others. Cottonwood [361]
boughs were piled up outside against the base of [824]
their tipis. In this way, people would know that these tipis were sitting holy and should not be disturbed. The green leaves hiding the bottoms of the tipis of these holy women served as spiritual guards for those who were within. Children were taught not to play nearby, lest they disturb the holy thoughts inside.

Dried tongue is the meal of communion dur- 796
ing the Medicine Lodge ceremony. One hundred 262
tongues must be dried and prepared beforehand 251
in the spring so that everyone in the camp can
share in this communion. The tongues, symbols [776]
of the natural foods of the buffalo as well as the main foods of our People, represent the Spirits of buffalo.

Traditionally, buffalo tongues were brought to the vowing holy woman by generous hunters.
With the help of her family, she dried and stored [793]
them in preparation for the holy ceremony. But by [178]
1892, beef had replaced buffalo in the diets of our
People, so beef tongues were used instead. (The 136
last buffalo killed by our People—around the year

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 24A]

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Each holy woman had a spiritual mother, a 796
former holy woman, who gave her a sacred 793
Bundle and the knowledge and rights to use it for
the ceremony.[A] Their husbands were instructed by [778]
spiritual fathers, who were in turn the husbands
of former holy women. While the husbands en- [782]
gaged in the sweat baths, the holy women sat
outside the lodge and prayed. The purifying sweat [783]
baths marked the beginning of the holy fast. Dur-
ing this fast, the holy women and their husbands [785]
concentrated completely on their efforts to inspire their People. The only thing they consumed was a shell full of water each morning and evening. Only the participants of the Medicine Lodge ceremony were allowed near their tipis, and they spoke not at all or in whispers.

The fourth and final move was made early in 796
the morning. While the camp's lodges were being 346
set up, the holy leaders marked out the site for
the Medicine Lodge in the center of the camp [361]
circle, and dug the holes for the posts. While the [857]
women arranged their households, the children gathered firewood. The men went down to the river bottom, where they ceremoniously cut one upright post and one rafter log for the frame of the Medicine Lodge, then returned to the camp with the Spirit of a successful victory and again sang the ancient song. Some men fired their guns into the air. The excitement spread around the camp and strengthened the Spirits of everyone.

The construction of the Medicine Lodge began with the placement of twelve upright cottonwood logs. These posts stood in a circle about thirty-five feet in diameter; in the center was the large hole into which would go the Center Pole. The posts, long enough to extend about nine feet above the ground, forked at the top end. Eleven smaller logs, each about twelve feet long, were laid so that their ends rested in the forks of adjacent uprights, thus forming a circle. The remainder of the Holy Lodge was constructed the following day, the most important day of the ceremony.

A, [i.e., the Sun Dance--Analyst]

- [P. 25-A]

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Wilson observed in his notes: 796
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> *That morning as I neared the camp I saw that most of the lodges had sacrifices or offerings of some garment or blanket elevated upon an extra lodge-pole leaning against the lodge; these were tied to cross sticks. . . . At each of the four lodges occupied by the O-Kon people an extension rite was, in the forenoon, begun.* 782

Wilson did not often explain the spiritual meanings of the details of ceremonies he recorded. For instance, the customary purpose of an offering is to give every family an opportunity to participate in building the sacred lodge. A gift of fabric, fastened to a small frame, is presented to the holy people, who are acting in behalf of the Spirits, just before the main construction of the lodge takes place. The frame is made by tying two [824] scraped willow sticks in the shape of a cross, representing the Four Holy Directions of the Universe. Bunches of sage tied to the cross represent the gifts obtained from our Mother Earth. The cloth is added to share our material wealth with the Holy Powers. Each family hangs its offering above its tipi early in the morning so that the Spirits of Sun and the Universe can see where it came from. The family members, observing their offering in this way, derive spiritual pride for their part in the proceedings.

On the day the Center Pole is raised, the 793
holy women end their fasting and praying, and 796
the former holy women (or woman) transfer
their sacred Bundles to the new holy women. In 778
1892, the seven transfers were conducted simultaneously in the four main tipis.

The holy woman's sacred Bundle is called the
Natoas. It is kept in a cylindrical rawhide case [415]
decorated with painted designs and long fringes.
On the outside of the rawhide case the sacred [412]
digging stick is fastened, the same kind of stick
our women used to dig edible roots like camas.
During the transfer ceremony, a set of dried [237]

[p.25-B]

moose hooves is tied to the stick. The hooves and 796
stick symbolize our Old People's main foods— 793
meat and roots. They also represent two of the 778
spiritual helpers who are said to have contributed [237]
their Powers to the original Natoas. The meanings
of these items were revealed in a dream to a [262]
Beaver Bundle man who kept the original Natoas. [787]

The holy woman's sacred headdress is the
most important item in the rawhide case. Like [292]
our other tribal Medicines of ancient origin, this
one is made up of things symbolic of the natural
world. The base of the headdress is a rawhide [237]
band of buffalo skin, shaped like a lizard. Plumes
and feathers of eagles and other birds are fastened [531]
to it so that they stand up. Skins of weasels are
attached so that they hang down, and an ancient
arrowhead hangs from one side. A tiny image-doll [532]
stuffed with sacred tobacco seeds is attached to
the rawhide band to represent mystical Spirits [776]
known as the Little People. Back when our Old
People still grew sacred tobacco, the Little People
would mysteriously come and give it their Power
to be sacred.

Wilson made these observations during the
transfer ceremonies of these sacred headdresses:

> *Simultaneously, the initiation rite was per-* 796
> *formed in '92 in all four of the lodges. I witnessed* 793
> *that in which three women were initiated at once*
> *in Running Wolf's lodge. The front had been* [346]
> *enclosed and poles of the lodge had been spread*
> *far apart and a second lodge pitched in front, so*

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 27m]

[p. 26-27]

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Mrs. Rides-at-the-Door is the last Blood Holy Woman. She is seen wearing her Natoas headdress as she entered the last Blood Medicine Lodge ten years ago.

[p.26-B]

that when their canvas was joined a double lodge 796
was formed. At back end of the lodge proper, 793
sitting in a row, were the old and new O-Kon
women and the master of ceremonies [Wilson [346]
means the holy women and the priest]; also the
husbands of the women about to be initiated. In 796
middle of lodge a hole had been dug 2½ by 3 feet 778
square and 4 inches deep; the sod taken from it
was piled around three sides and covered with [824]
pine boughs [actually, boughs of creeping juniper
—a species commonly found in our country; it
grows close to the earth and is the sacred incense
for Medicine Lodge ceremonies]. Bottom of hole [531]
was covered with white clay in which had been
drawn, an inch deep, this design [showing the
main symbols of the Universe]; the bottom of all
the marks was painted black by sprinkling in
them black paint, the edges yellow. A cottonwood [824]
tree was planted in ground to the left of hole.
Tree 7 or 8 feet high. Upon the tree were hanging
the head dresses to be disposed of.

The hole Wilson describes was the incense 796
alter, representing our Mother Earth. The designs 778
indicated Moon, in the shape of a crescent; Sun; 531
Morning Star; and Sun Dogs. The black paint was
for Night Sky, the yellow paint for the Powers [822]
represented. The small cottonwood tree stood as a [824]
symbol of the Old People's main source of firewood, [372]
without which they would have perished.
In the midst of these spiritual symbols, the sacred
headdresses were hung. In addition, the leader of
the sacred ceremonies regularly made incense on
the altar, for its sweet smell symbolized the presence
of the Holy Spirits.

Wilson continues:

Seven men rattled and sang, and the three 796
old O-Kon women took each a root digger, and 793
leaning upon them, dance upon their knees, rattling
against the stick each a bundle of buffalo [533]
toes [moose hooves], and at end of the song tied [535]
the toes to the stick securely and in next songs [237]

[p.27-A]

they, still keeping time, danced pointing the 796
sticks towards the clay [symbolically giving them 793
the Power of the sacred incense]. Sticks were
then put down and the candidates were robed in [533]
new clothes; an elk skin tanned on both sides is [535]
the proper robe for O-Kon to wear. Part of the
lodge was screened off [by blankets held up by [237]
some of the other participants], behind which [292]
. . . the re-dressing of the woman was done. At
this stage, relatives of one of the O-Kon women [such as Red Crow's wife] brought in piles of dry goods etc., and deposited them on the ground, after which they were all gathered up by children of the old woman who was installing her, and taken away home.

There was more singing and rattling, during which the holy women kept time to the rhythm.
The new holy women were painted by the old [302]
ones with sacred red earth.

Then the three older women [took] the head-bands from the tree and [danced] them towards the clay [for] 2 or 3 songs. Next they placed head-bands upon their own head, and [danced] on their knees towards the tree, which all 3 butted with their heads and grunted as they did so several times. [They were imitating the elk cow, who gave her Powers with the original Natoas after knocking down a cottonwood tree to prove her strength to her husband and to the dreamer.] Head-bands were then taken off and held by each woman in front of the younger one whom she was installing; and after dancing it there in front of her awhile and passing it 4 times around the younger's head, put it on and tied it in place.

Singing without rattles, three old men [hus- [302]
bands of the three retiring holy women] painted
the three O-Kon men black from head to foot,
with a yellow streak across the face and a yellow
ring around each wrist. [The yellow paint again [822]
represented the Above Powers, especially Sun.]

[p. 27-B]

Renewing the rattling as they sang and after 793
many flourishes, a crow's tail was tied to the back 796
lock of each black man's hair, and a scalp tied [237]
around his neck, which was first passed 4 times
around his head and handed to him and taken [301]
again by the priest to tie. In the meantime, the [302]
women's faces had been painted, and the root
diggers stuck in their belts behind, the rattles
dangling therefrom.

The O-Kon necklaces were next produced [301]
and with usual flourishes and songs were tied
about each man's neck and wrists. This concluded
that part of it.

These necklaces, *O-Koch-Kindt*, are still 796
worn by the man and woman during Medicine- 301
Lodge ceremonies. They consist of a thong with
four blue beads strung on each side, representing 531
the clear sky. A white dentalium shell is strung [822]
between the beads to represent the purity and
holiness of the Spirit World. A thin braid of hair [237]
hangs down from the center of the necklace to
represent the Power of the People. The holy [793]
woman may make extra necklaces to transfer to
anyone requesting such a spiritual Medicine, as the wearer is believed to possess the spiritual power of the holy ceremony. Our last holy woman, old Mrs. Rides-at-the-Door, transferred a holy necklace to SikskiAki when we attended the recent Okan among the Southern Piegans.

When the 1892 ceremonial transfer and 793
painting were done, and the women were dressed
in their holy headdresses and elk robes, they were 796
ready to go outside and perform the main ceremonial functions. [292]
From within the tipi in which Wilson was an observer, came a procession led by No Chief, who was the priest. Behind him came the three black-painted husbands, wearing black blankets over their heads. And behind them came the holy women, each one following the woman whose Natoas she had just taken over. From the other holy tipis came similar processions.

Wilson's narrative continues:

[p. 28-A]

Very slowly they walked to the south side of 793
the half-built medicine lodge, stopping at intervals 796
to pray, but not loudly. They circled the [782]
medicine-lodge once, taking the course of the
Sun, and then sat down in a shelter which had
been constructed for them to the West of the
medicine lodge.

This shelter was made up of travoix poles [346]
and canvas. Those using it sat facing the sacred
edifice. The shelter was about 60 feet long, and [114]
sitting in a row, extending from one end to the
other [were] *seven parties of people, each composed*
of the woman who had sold her O-Kon
[Wilson should have said Natoas; he uses the
word O-Kon in various ways, although it actually
describes only the Medicine Lodge ceremony
itself], *her husband, the new O-Kon, and her*
husband. . . . In front of these people and about [415]
20 feet from them was a row of 7 parfleche bags, 4 [779]
placed on each side of a central space through
which those going and coming passed. [The bags
belonged to the holy women and contained the
dried sacred tongues.] *In front again of this entrance* [237]
space was deposited a green beef hide
wrapped in a black blanket; the use of the hide
will appear later on.

While the holy people prepared to receive 796
those who wished their blessings, the Horns Society
mounted horses and rode to the cottonwood
grove to obtain the sacred Center Pole. The party
rode off as if headed for war and approached the
chosen tree as they would a powerful enemy.
After brave deeds were recounted and prayers for
success were made, the tree was cut down amidst
shooting and shouting. While the Horns were
preparing to haul the sacred tree back to camp,
Wilson made these observations:

People in camp now began taking down the 796
offerings before mentioned from the tops of their 793
lodges, and soon a woman came to the O-Kon, 782
leading a child and bearing her offering. She went 276

[p.28-B]

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to one of the old O-Kon [priests] and reluctantly 796
[she was probably shy before the holy man] knelt 793
in front of the man and handed him a filled pipe 782
which she had brought, and deposited the offering 276
at his feet. The vendor took the pipe and pointed the stem to the Sun and prayed in favor of the suppliant, who knelt through the prayer with bowed head. At the end of the prayer the latter passed her hands to head of the prayermaker and down his shoulders and arms to the hands, taking the pipe from him and laying it
aside. The old man's wife then painted a black [302]
ring around the face of both mother and child and her husband. The old man took up the offering and made a pass with it down each side of the woman's body; the latter turned about without rising and the offering was leaned against her back at which she arose and departed. Four members of the Society, "Crazy Dogs," were sitting near at hand, their duty being to light the pipe. One of these now came and took the late suppliant's pipe from [the] old man who handed it to him, went out to the front of the enclosure, past the beforementioned hide, to a little fire built there for the purpose, and lit the pipe. Puffing it on the way to keep it from going out, he returned it to the old man who first took a few whiffs himself, then handed it to the black man of his set who smoked and handed it around.

When the pipe was emptied, it was passed out to someone of the owner's family waiting for it. That is a close description of the mode of giving the offerings, which were brought by all sorts of people, young and middle aged. Some were boys, some were girls, bringing children with
them, and others alone. All were dressed in their [292]
best clothing. Some boys wore their fathers' war
bonnets. Many sacred pipes were brought, the 796
young men "attendants" were called upon, but 276
the pipe bearer himself took the pipe to the fire, 778
after he was painted, the old man going with him to pray as he lit it for the other. The bearer of the pipe now presented the mouthpiece to each man

[p.29-A]

and woman in the row of O-Kons and then to 796
everyone sitting outside. Great rows of people 276
were sitting in a half circle on either side of the 778
shelter. Each person to whom the pipe was presented took 4 draws only. These sacred pipes were always passed a long time after they had ceased to emit smoke. They seemed to go out before many people had smoked.

As is the case with our People now, anyone 796
in camp could make an offering, a symbolic gift to 793
the Holy Spirits—to Sun, Moon, sky, stars, birds,
animals. The offering would be brought to the 782
holy people by a family member. At this stage of [776]
the Medicine Lodge ceremony, these holy people were thought to be in strong communication with the Spirits. Each person bringing an offering selected one of the holy people waiting in the Sun shelter for this purpose. The chosen holy person would then pray to the Spirits on behalf of the offerer. Later, all the offerings would be brought to the Medicine Lodge and tied, permanently, to the lodge's Center Pole.

Families keeping the tribe's sacred Medicine 796
Pipes and Beaver Bundles had the opportunity for 778
an unusual and powerful spiritual experience during the Medicine Lodge ceremony. Only at this 276
time were these sacred Pipes fitted with bowls for smoking; at no other time were they smoked. The Owners of the sacred Pipes gathered their families
inside their lodges. Usually, past Owners were [533]
present, especially if the current Owner did not know the Bundle's songs very well. There are songs to sing while opening the Bundle and many more songs to sing afterwards, when the People pray and dance with its contents.

After incense was made, the leader of the [302]
opening painted the Owner's family with Medicine Pipe symbols on their faces and wrists. The sacred Pipestem was taken from its cloth wrapping and carefully laid on top of the Bundle. At this point the sacred Bowl was removed from the
Bundle and filled with ceremonial tobacco. With [782]

a prayer for success and good thoughts, the Bowl 796
was fitted to the Stem. The Owner took hold of 778
the Pipe—one hand on the Stem and one on the
Bowl. It would have been a bad sign if the Stem 276
became separated from the Bowl during the rest [782]
of the ceremony.

With the guidance of some old man, the
Owner took his sacred Pipe outside. He was fol- [292]
lowed by his family, all wearing blankets or
shawls, as a sign of modesty during holy occasions. The old man would call out, "Make way, People, here comes the bearer of a sacred Pipestem. Give him your respect." Quickly, the People would move aside, leaving a clear path for the bearer to walk, straight to the holy people's shelter.

As Wilson stated, the sacred Pipe would first [793] ●
be offered to one of the priests. A helper from the Crazy Dogs Society would hold a glowing stick into the Bowl while the priest puffed on the mouthpiece. The Owner, holding Stem and Bowl in his hands, would offer the Pipe among the people, who placed their lips against the mouth-
piece to smoke it. They would not hold the Pipe, [783]
not being purified with the sacred incense, and not trained in handling it. Some people would brush their hands reverently over the sacred Stem and then down their bodies, taking its ancient Holy Spirit within themselves. For many, this was the only chance to be in the presence of one of the tribe's sacred Pipes and to give their prayers directly to the Holy Spirits within it.

Wilson noted on his watch that not quite 796
two hours had passed since the Horns Society left camp to go after the Center Pole:

> *Offerings were still being brought when, at 4:30, appeared in sight those with the centre pole. They came in a great procession, scores of*

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 31A]

end of this prayer, they jumped down and the circle of young men closed in amid deafening yells and attacked the centre pole with their poles. Each pair worked together. Placing the connecting cord against the pole, most of them pushing from the under side, they soon had it upright in its hole, being assisted at first by some other men who put their shoulders to it. Next they attacked the rafters which were lifted up. The butt end of one of them was placed upon the centre of each stringer and all the small ends bearing offerings were resting in the fork of the centre pole. The butts were tied in place with raw hide, the whole being completed in a very short time to the satisfaction of the Indians, who consider the completion of the lodge a cause for joy. 796 346

The vows of the holy women were completed once the Center Pole was up. Having made their sacrifice to help build the Medicine Lodge, they returned to their tipis and removed their sacred outfits. Their husbands entered a sweat lodge where the husbands of the former holy women ceremonially wiped the black paint from their "sons" with handfuls of sage. The sacred objects used by the men were passed outside during the sweat bathing. After all the holy people had returned to their own lodges, the former Owners of the Natoas Bundles showed the new Owners how to pack up the sacred articles, and gave them final instructions for everyday care. By this time it was probably dark, since the Center Pole is usually raised as Sun sets. Relatives of the holy people brought food, since the period of fasting was over. 796 793 ●

On the following day most of the young people and many adults were busy in the forenoon bringing the cottonwood boughs, with which to cover the sides of the sacred lodge. For 4 or 5 hours previous to 1 o'clock, mounted processions continually were arriving in camp, singing, shooting and shouting. The women formed a considerable proportion of these, many having travoix attached to their horses, loaded with 796 346 [824]

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A man, Sun-a-ke, appeared in
the torture paint and, after sitting on the ground 796
for a few minutes, was punctured as usual and 785
fastened to the ropes. I also took his photo but the Sun was so low that the picture did not turn out as well as the one the day before.

The next day of the ceremonies turned out, 796
unexpectedly, to be the last day. Two unrelated 578
incidents caused camp to break: an undisclosed dispute among the Horns and an unidentified charge of adultery.

Monday. It was expected that the "Horned [575]
Ones" would enter today but a dispute arose among [them], *one of their members taking down his lodge, which formed half of the fraternal abode, and moving from camp. The night be-* [684]
fore, a man accused one of the religious women of
the tribe of adultery [this was a separate affair [793] ●
from the Horns dispute]. *He claimed he had seen her at dusk indulging in immoral conduct with a certain young man, the son of a prominent chief. This caused a great commotion in camp, which coupled with the trouble in the Horned Society, had the effect of breaking up the camp, all dispersing to the different villages up and down the river.*

It may be added that the criminal affair men- 793
tioned, which was for a long time the one inter- 578
esting topic of tribal talk, had a somewhat impres- 627
sive ending. Sentiment was divided in regard to the guilt or innocence of the woman, who declared that her accuser was blasting her character because she had repelled improper advances of his own. She had hitherto bourne a good reputation; in fact she had filled positions in religious rites that only those who solemnly swore to their virtue can occupy. The people therefore were loath to
misjudge the woman. The old men said, "Time [784]
will tell who speaks the truth; death inside of a year is the penalty which all women pay who make false vows; the young man commits an equally serious crime who accuses a good woman falsely, therefore the liar in this case must die before the end of a year. It is not a long time to wait [and see] *which of them will it be." Strange to relate, the woman died in childbirth in January following above incident.*

The disagreements that brought the Okan of 796
1892 to an end did not affect most of the People. They went back home with the Good Spirits that
had presided over the holy ceremonies. Disagree- [578]

[TEXT Continued on PAGE 41-A] [178]

[p. 40-A]

ceeded around the camp circle, each time waiting 796
for someone to approach them. This is what they 575
prayed: "Help, O Sun, may someone take this [782]
tongue. O Sun, bless the tongue yourself so that
someone may build a holy lodge for you."

The elderly Horns members sang a song of [533]
praise for each band in the camp circle—the Fish
Eaters band, the Many Children band, and also
for the women who sponsor Holy Lodges. . . .

Still, there was no one to sponsor a Holy
Lodge. The men continued carrying the tongue
around the camp circle. They stopped a little way
from the east entrance of the camp circle. They
were worried. This was their last stop, the camps
of the Lone Fighters band. For this band they [533]
sang, "My children, when they were long gone,
I was still happy."

The members prayed again and were about to
go back to their lodge when a woman came out
of her tipi. As she walked toward them, Chief
Calf came out and sang a song of praise for the
woman. The woman was the wife of Iron Neck-
lace [better known as Heavy Shield]. Her name [795] ●
was Many Kill. She walked straight up until she
stood in front of the leader who carried the
tongue. She held out her robe in bowl-like fashion.
The tongue carried around the camp was held [824]
with sage grass and a braid of sweetgrass. It was
not carried in a dish.

Many Kill did not say a word; the leader did not say a word. He just gave her the tongue. As he did, the rest said, "Aye," and made a downward brushing motion at the woman, showing their acceptance of her holy effort. She stood facing northeast. She turned to her right and went home. The leader was the woman's father. He sang, "Many Kill Woman—when she started to walk I was very happy."

The People all sang praise. The Horns Society members returned to their lodge. They walked around it from the south side to the north side, in the direction that Sun travels, and then they went inside. Some of them came out and called

[p. 45-A]

out invitations: "All you Horns Society members 796
are all invited." The Horns said [to themselves], 575
"Oki, it's us that took the tongue around the camps and we are the ones that will make the payments—Many Kill will just sponsor the Holy Lodge—us, we will make the payments."

The virtuous women, past holy women, were 793
individually invited. They assembled immedi- 796
ately. Many Kill said, "You Horns Society mem- 778
bers will get me a father." Getting a father meant 432
that they would look for someone to transfer a Natoas Bundle to her. She would need dry goods and horses as payments for the transferral. In the
future, when Many Kill transferred her Natoas [575]
Bundle, she would pay back anyone who had [426]
helped with these payments.

The women who were to work on the tongues all went to the holy woman's tipi. The Horns Society members gathered the tongues, wrapped them in a blanket, and the leader took them to Heavy Shield's tipi. In the tipi, sitting at the back in the place of honor was Wolf Shirt, a respected holy man. The leader told Wolf Shirt, "Come to the Horns Society tipi." When Wolf Shirt went to the Horns, they said, "You will get a father for Many Kill. Who shall we ask?"

Wolf Shirt went out from the Horns Society tipi to tell the one who was going to give up her Natoas. She did not refuse. She said, "I am glad to transfer my Natoas to Many Kill." Wolf Shirt first returned to the Horns and told them, "It is agreed. She will transfer her Natoas to Many Kill." Then he went back to Heavy Shield's tipi
and told Many Kill, "I got you a father." With [361]
that settled, Heavy Shield moved his camp to the other side of the camp circle.

I have heard a lot of Old People say the holy 793
woman's tipi is never pitched on the north side 796
of the camp circle, always on the south side. But if the woman who is going to sponsor the Holy Lodge is from the north side, she will have to move her tipi to the south side.

Heavy Shield's friends took down his tipi. Just [352]

the tipi and bedding were moved—back rests are 793
not used in the tipis of holy women. The tipi has 796
to have beds all around the inside because the [352]
holy men and the holy women gather there and
they take care of the tongues. A holy woman's [353]
travois, all painted, is also moved.

Many Kill covered her head when she took 793
the tongue, and she would not uncover her head 796
from then on. She would not see anybody, and 784
nobody would see her face. Many Kill was a pious woman from the time she took the tongue. Many Kill's bed was made and then she was taken to her tipi by the former holy women. She walked very slowly across to her tipi. She could not look around. If she were going to cough she would cover her mouth with her hand so that the People would not hear her coughing. That is how hard it was to sponsor a Holy Lodge.

So, Many Kill was taken from the north side across to her tipi. The virtuous women walked with her. She sat on her bed. She did not braid her hair. She did not have on wristlets; she wore no necklace and no earrings. She had brought herself into loneliness and she had no material things to distract her.

The tongues had not been prepared before- 796
hand, since no Holy Lodge had been planned. 237
Now they had to be prepared in a hurry. They 252
were sliced very thin while a fire was built in the fireplace. It was a small fire, just big enough to heat the tongues. Tripods were set over the fire where the tongues were hung to dry.

Many Kill was a pious woman from the time 796
she took the tongue. She is a tall woman. She is 793
not fat, just stout. Heavy Shield is tall, thin, and left-handed. He suffered with his wife.

By the next morning the Horns Society prep- [575]
arations were finished. One of the Horns members
was sent to tell the holy woman that the Med- [203]
icine Lodge ceremony could begin.

The messenger didn't have to wear holy moc- [292]
casins. He wore his ordinary moccasins, a breechcloth, and a robe. He ran to the Holy Lodge tipi.

[p.46-A]

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Before he entered he coughed; the people inside 793
all sat in order. The messenger went inside. He 796
put his robe on the right-hand side of the door [576]
and he went around the tipi making downward
brushing motions on the People, except for the
holy woman and her helpers. He passed in front
of her and continued to make downward brushing
motions on the men. When he got back to his
robe he picked it up, secured it around his waist,
and sat down. He sat on one of his feet. [516]

The messenger told them, "I came over to 793
notify you that the Horns Society has finished 796
the preparations." Neither the holy woman nor
her husband spoke a word. The priest spoke, saying 575
to everyone in the tipi, "Everything is prepared."
And then, someone in the Holy Lodge
who counted the tongue slices told the messenger
there were not enough. The messenger immediately
returned and told this to the Horns. Some
Horns members went out of camp to get more
beef tongues. They brought these tongues to the
holy woman's tipi, where they were cut and sliced
and set to dry.

At the Horns tipi, they selected their best 796
singers from amongst the members. The singers 575
formed themselves into two rows, the men in one 533
row, the women in the other. They paraded to
the east side of the camp circle. Then, starting
at the east entrance they paraded by all the camps
within the camp circle. At each camp they
stopped and sang. After singing their song, one [203]
of the men called out: "Woo-Ka-Hai! For you
People all to know: after tomorrow a sweat lodge
will be constructed. Nobody is to leave the camps,
so that we will all help with the construction of
the Holy Lodge. We all will work on it after
tomorrow."

The reason why the Horns set this date to build the lodge was so that there would be time for the newly cut tongues to dry. The tongues were to be used in two days' time.

The next morning everything was arranged, 796
and the following morning the sweat lodge was 346
575

[p. 46-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood

pointed to follow behind. The singers beat their 796
drums as the procession moved along. 346

Many Kill was sitting out in the shade by her 575
tipi. The People brought to her their offerings
and pipes. After they unloaded the Center Pole,
the Horns Society members brought forward to 796
Many Kill their payments for the Natoas transferral. 778
They carried dry goods in their arms and 793●
each led a horse to the transferral. 432

The People tied tipi poles together, approximately
a foot down from the top. Every separate 346
band came forward, singing a song with no words. 796
The People all jumped into the Holy Lodge. [533]
Heavy Shield sat on the Center Pole. He had on
a black robe and his face was painted black. He [292]
was blowing on his whistle. As the Center Pole [302]
started to raise, he jumped down, leaving his robe [534]
on the Center Pole. That is the custom.

The Center Pole was raised. Some blew their
whistles while others shot their guns into the air.
Everybody helped set the Pole upright and the
seven rafter poles in place. Two orderlies wearing [292]
crow-feather headpieces brought in the hide [237]
to tie the rafter poles and cross beams. The People
got their horses again and rode down to the
river to cut young trees to cover the sides of the
circular structure of the Holy Lodge. Some riders
attached stirrup-cover decorations. Some wore
fur chaps, even though it was a hot day. Some [302]
men had on facial war paintings. The People [533]
sang a song with no words.

The riders were shooting and shouting. They came back through the east entrance, paraded once around the inside of the camp circle, and then they gallopped to the Holy Lodge. Some were bucked off on the way—the horses shy at the trees dragged by the riders. They raced to the Holy Lodge as a reenactment of the time when the Plains Indians rode into enemy camps at full speed.

The trees were set up against the cross beams of the Holy Lodge. Then the riders went home and turned loose their horses.

[p.47-B]

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At this point, Many Kill, the sponsor of the 346
Holy Lodge, came out from her tipi and sat in its 796
shade. The Horns Society sat on the east side, the [793]
Braves Society on the southeast side, and the
Pigeon Society on the southwest side. The drum- [575]
ming of the various societies sounded at intervals. [533]
The Holy Lodge was completed.

I, First Rider, have told this story. I am a [115]
Blood Indian.

[p. 48-A]

her husband to give the things requested. He also 539
stated the time at which he would come to the 773
lodge to be received by her husband. 778

At the appointed time the Beaver came out of the lake and appeared before the lodge, but, before he entered, requested that the lodge be purified with incense. Then he entered. They smoked. After a while the Beaver began to sing a song in which he asked for the skin of a certain bird. When he had finished, the man arose and gave him the bird-skin. Then the Beaver sang another song, in which he asked for the skin of another bird, which was given to him. Thus he went on until he had secured all the skins in the man's lodge. In this way the man learned all the songs that belonged to the Beaver's Medicine and also which songs belonged to which skins.

After this time the man got together all the different kinds of bird and animal skins taken by the Beaver, made them up into a Bundle, and kept the Beaver Medicine.

Owners of Beaver Bundles were known as 778
Beaver Men. They were always the learned ones 793
among our People. A Beaver Man had to have a
fantastic memory to be able to sing the four hundred [533]
or more songs in proper sequence. He had to [82]
be a man who lived very much in harmony with nature to know the sounds and actions of the many birds and animals within the Bundle, and to be able to coach the participants to repeat those sounds and actions during the ceremonies. Beaver Men learned all the Ways of nature. The People looked to them for knowledge about weather, seasons, plants, birds and animals, and calendar histories (called winter counts) of the tribe.

In the Old Days, a Beaver Bundle contained examples of the most important parts of all our other sacred Bundles—a Medicine Pipe, a Natoas headdress, a sacred tobacco-planting outfit, as well
as all the various skins. As a result, Beaver Men [796]
usually knew all the ceremonies for these other

Bundles, and, therefore, could give Teachings to 778
the People about them. 793 ●

If Medicine Pipe Men were considered
priests among our long-ago People, the Beaver [796]
Men must have been thought of as bishops.

Among all the Blackfoot People, the most notable Beaver Man whose wisdom is still clearly remembered was old White Calf, head chief of the South Piegans. He died in 1903. His companion was Mad Wolf, a minor chief who died about the same time. These two Beaver Men were a Powerful team. White Calf's brother-in-law, old Running Wolf, was the most respected Beaver Man in the recorded history of the Bloods. He and another Beaver Man, old Ki-soum (Sun, or, in Wilson's notes, Old Moon) had also made a Powerful team.

THE 1892 BEAVER BUNDLE CEREMONY

In the Old Days, Beaver Bundles were opened 796
quite often, usually after each new moon. For 778
that reason, when trader Robert Wilson wrote
these observations of Beaver Bundle ceremonies,
he recorded them under the title *Moon Dances.*
Although Wilson saw the ceremonies under the [114]
leadership of true Beaver Men, he was too late to
see them when the People were fully aware that
the long ceremony symbolized every aspect of the
Old Way of life in harmony with nature.

A few years ago when I first became interested in the peculiar religious customs of the Bloods, there were two men in camp who were the owners and custodians each of a sacred bundle containing the skins of many animals and birds, as well as a pipe stem and numerous articles, the number and uses of which the following
will show. These men are called I-och-Keeme and [793]
during the fall, winter, and spring months they conduct a ceremony of a religious nature, generally of nine or ten hours duration, the time oc-

[p.90-B]

cupied in singing and smoking. The dances are usually held upon the day following the appearance of the new moon, but I have known many to be postponed for different reasons. The tom-tom is not used, rattles and whistles are the musical instruments. 796 778 [534]

Early in the morning the i-o-kinu sends out a boy or girl, or some member of his household, to invite whoever he wishes to be present. These are generally old and middle-aged men, some of whom bring their wives. At the date of writing I have attended three "moon dances" and remained to the end of each, with book and pencil in hand taking notes from which I hope to faithfully describe what took place and to give as many explanations as I have been able to obtain from the performers. Two of the ceremonies which I have witnessed took place in the home of Running Wolf, one in his house and one in his lodge. 793 ● 796 778 The third dance was conducted by Running Wolf *in the house of Three Bulls, another I-O-Kunt who assisted. Running Wolf is considered the most proficient of this class in this tribe, but he has a superior in the person of the Blackfoot* [North Blackfoot] *"Owl Child" who was master of ceremonies upon the occasion that I saw the dance in Running Wolf's lodge. This superiority consists simply in a good memory* [114] [Wilson had a tendency to draw conclusions from outward appearances, not from deep understanding]; *1st in being able to lead their peculiar ritual all day long without making errors, and 2nd, in being able to begin without delay each song in its correct place.* When we remember the length of time the I-O-Keeme sings, and that the songs are about one hundred in number, nearly all of which are never used upon any other occasions than "moon dances," the use of a good memory is evident. 793 796 778 533 [It is likely that only one hundred songs were sung at the ceremonies witnessed by Wilson. Even old White Calf did not know all the songs. However, due to some taboo, Beaver Men never allowed anyone to count the songs; if they saw someone [784]

[p.91-A]

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[Beaver Bundle Ceremony]

793 ●
291
302

Ki-soum, or "Sun," the holy man who was also called Moon. (Glenbow Archives)

counting, they would sometimes mix up their songs to confuse the counter.] Running Wolf and Old Moon have been for years the only two I-O-Keeme in this tribe. [This statement depends on one's definition of Beaver Man. There were then a number of Blood men who knew Beaver Bundle songs and were learning to lead the ceremonies.] Last summer "Three Bulls" purchased a third outfit from a Blackfoot but during last Winter "Old Moon" sold his to a S. Pegan [South Piegan]. These transfers are made by a payment of horses, and a ceremony of installment as is made in all religious regalia so acquired and disposed of. An Indian buys the regalia in fulfillment of a vow or promise made in time of sickness. [This transfer of Beaver Bundles is thought to

793
796
778
[533]
[432]
[782]
793
778
425

[p.91-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Beaver Bundle Ceremony]

793
302
142

Running Wolf, the holy man and ceremonial leader, in 1913. He was also known as Everyone Talks About. Behind him is his son Cross Guns, or Tom Daly. Next to Cross Guns is his wife, who was the old Mrs. Jim White Bull. On Cross Gun's right is Tom Many Feathers. Sitting next to Running Wolf is his head wife, Nice Owl Woman. (Glenbow Archives)

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have originated after the Old Days. Originally, a 793
Beaver Man kept his Bundle for most of his life- 778
time. He usually had one or more students to 425
whom he passed on his Teachings over a long period of time. His Beaver Bundle generally passed on to one of these students, who then became the active Beaver Man.]

MOON DANCE, FEB. 3RD 1892, 11:30 A.M.
I will now describe in detail the last dance I wit- 796
nessed. Three Bulls house is a big building about 778
20 feet square, the door and window faces the
South. When I entered, there were present 17 [342]
men and 8 women. Opposite the entrance was a

[p.92-A]

ceived it from a South Piegan family to whom 778
they had transferred a Natoas Bundle during a
Piegan Medicine Lodge ceremony. This Beaver [425]
Bundle was last opened by old Calling Last.

Calling Last was our last Beaver Man. He [793]
owned the other Beaver Bundle still with us in
1965. It had been transferred to him many years [425]
before by a Blood man named Calling at Night.
It was this Bundle that Calling Last sold to the [439]
Alberta Provincial Museum, and the one used in
the transfer ceremony the museum recorded. [432]

Although our People find it difficult to pray [422]
sincerely and communicate with the Spirit World
in the presence of such physical distractions as
cameras and nonbelieving persons, perhaps the 778
Old People permitted this filming and recording 796
because they were told that without such a rec- 177
ord, young Bloods might never again see Beaver 829
Bundle and Medicine Pipe ceremonies performed
properly.

In justifying the filming, Calling Last told the People, "The white men bought the Bundle. It's theirs. It belongs to them, if they want to take pictures."

Understandably, this recording of the museum's is regarded with mixed feelings by our People. Although it was simple for the recorder to pick up the words of the ritual, and later for someone to translate and write them down, how could a machine possibly absorb the true spiritual meanings of the ceremony? How could such a transcription really succeed, when there were numbers of outsiders, along with technicians adjusting lights, microphones, and cameras? And when the sacred place of honor, where the Beaver Man was supposed to sit, was occupied by an anthropologist representing the museum? Nevertheless, while this ceremony was almost totally without the Spirit of life in harmony with nature, we are fortunate to have a complete record of it. As things turned out, it was the last Beaver Bundle ceremony ever celebrated. Calling Last died shortly after this.

proudly. "We had it three times; our boy Frank 778
had it not long ago, and now our grandson, he's 425
going to have it too. It's sure different today from [178]
the time we first got it."

By this Mokakin meant that the Spirit for 778
our Old Ways has changed a great deal since that 425
same Bundle was first transferred to himself and
Ponah forty years ago, when the transfer cere- 796
mony used to take four days. Although our People 178
still show all the traditional respect for our Medicine Pipe Bundles and their Owners, it is often without spiritual meaning.

NINAMSKANIKS: MEDICINE PIPE PEOPLE

"Now that you are Ninamskaniks," the Old Man 793
had said to SikskiAki and me, "you must learn to 778
have holy thoughts all the time, so that you will
inspire others to think of holy things. You must 123
set good examples, so that others can learn your holy Ways. Leave behind your bad thoughts. Pray for those who are evil, but remain on your own good path. Have good hearts toward others and help them when in need. I will teach you what I know, but always remember to pray. Pray often and your dreams will be good. . . ."

And so, with the Old Man's guidance and

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Teachings, SikskiAki and I became *Ninamska-* 778
niks, "Medicine Pipe Owners." 793

Each article in our Medicine Pipe Bundle is 123
there to inspire holy thoughts about the element of nature it represents. Under the Bundle's plaid shawl covering are several dozen ceremonial objects—decorated sacred Pipestems, a rattle, whistle, sacred paints, shells and beads, and the skins of birds and animals—each with its own song and place in the ceremony.

Our sacred Pipe Bundles mean to us what the sacred tablets, Koran, Bible, or rosary, mean to others. They are sacred objects we pray with in our tipi-temples and in our Church of the Great
Outdoors. We do not pray to the objects in the [782]
Bundles; we pray to the Holy Spirits they represent.

Our grandfather, our Old Man, was Keeper of our sacred Pipe Bundle for ten years. During that time, the Bundle hung over his bed, as it now hangs over ours; it heard his songs, felt his prayers, and bathed in his sweet-smelling incense. When I lean my head against the Bundle and close my eyes, I can see his smile and hear the deep and flowing sound of his voice, and I forget my discouragements and discomforts. We are indeed fortunate, SikskiAki and I, that as we live by his Teachings, his Spirit surrounds us all the time, everywhere. As I tell you about some of the Teachings of our Medicine Pipe Bundles, perhaps then you will understand this special feeling we have for our Old Man and how he helped us to learn so much more about life in harmony with nature.

I'll begin by telling you the ancient legend, as 773
I learned it, about how our People were first given 539
a Medicine Pipe Bundle.
778

THE ORIGIN OF OUR MEDICINE PIPE BUNDLES

Oki, this story took place very long ago, when our People were able to communicate with all the Powers of the Universe. In the camps there lived

[p 123-A]

ferred ownership within their own group. When 778
the People moved on to the reserve, they settled 432
there according to their bands. Thus, some of our
Old People knew quite well the histories of the [657]
Bundles among their own band, while they knew [361]
little about other Bundles.

Bundles are the spiritual property of their 778
Keeper, or Owner. Our People used to live with 42
the fact that owned property could be reclaimed
at any time by nature, through loss, damage, or
death. They believed that owning something
meant caring for it until it was claimed by a
stronger Power.

TWO MEDICINE PIPE TRANSFERS: 1890s

Many firsthand narratives of long-ago Medicine 778
Pipe ceremonies are available among the Piegans, 796
but not so many among our People, the Bloods.
The oldest record among the few comes from the
papers of Robert Wilson in the 1890s. Those who [178]
took part in the ceremonies he witnessed still
practiced their Old Ways daily, but even then
were no longer totally dependent on nature in
their way of life, so that they could not fully relate
to the representations of nature inside the
Bundles.

Although Wilson was not always aware of [114]
the meanings of the symbols he saw, I will pass on [127]
to you what he wrote.

Sacred pipe holders are easily distinguished 793
by the free use of red paint on their person, having 778
it rubbed all over their white blanket or coat [531]
and also over the leggings and moccasins, their
wives painted the same. A pipe-holder wears upon [301]
each wrist a blue bead tied with a buckskin
strand, (the wife also; or, if man does not wear
beads upon wrist, he will have one bead and a
shell strung upon a buckskin string on his neck.)
[The Owner and his wife wear both necklaces [796]
and wristlets during the ceremony.] Children [852]
who have been painted during [the] ceremony of
transfer also wear the beads.

[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony, 1890's]

the Old Days, only to ambitious persons. Anyone 778
not wealthy but who had enough ambition and 432
spiritual power could go out on a raid and bring [555]
home enough horses to take care of the physical sacrifice.]

"High sleeper" paid sixteen out of his twenty- 778
one horses. He had lost all his relations but one 432
and bought the pipe to change his luck. I witnessed 796
the ceremony of his purchase which took
place in the lodge of Crop Eared Wolf [the [782]
adopted son of Head Chief Red Crow, who later [435]
became his successor], who had owned the pipe for ten years. I also was present at the transfer of a pipe from "Roach Mane" [the young-man name of Ponah's father, Iron] to "Brave Bear."

The following description I write after being present at four Thunder dances: –

Inside the lodge, directly opposite the entrance, [353]
is a space occupied by a cushion to receive the pipe which was now outside, where it always stands in fine weather during the day, leaning on
two sticks against the west side of the lodge. On [533]
each side of this space and extending around the [534]
lodge to the entrance in two half circles are arranged blankets and quilts for seats for the visitors who soon begin to arrive; the host (who is seated with the cushion at his left hand) tells each person where to sit; four or five men, who are good singers and know the songs used on these occasions, are told to take their places on the left of the entrance and are given tom-toms.

The Master of Ceremonies, or Priest, of the [793]
occasion, who is never the host but someone who knows all the songs of the pipe, of which there are a great many, and who is well versed in the mystic rites or functions in connection with the sacred pipes, takes his place next to space for pipe, sitting opposite to host, the cushion space being between them.

In front of cushion, between it and the fire, is a square hole dug in the ground, size about 9 or 10 inches square, and two or three inches deep; its sides being at right angles with the cushion. Upon

[Backside-To-The Fire Pipe Opening Ceremony, 1972]

hot summer. We knew that we would not be very 796
comfortable after wrapping our wool blankets 292
around ourselves. Tradition requires participants 778
in holy ceremonies to cover themselves with a
robe or blanket to show modesty and respect before the Holy Spirits. At most Medicine Pipe ceremonies, this tradition is mainly followed by current Medicine Pipe Owners and by the leader of the ceremony. Others wear blankets only while dancing with one of the sacred objects from the Bundle. However, a few people ignore tradition and go without their blankets altogether.

To complete our preparations for the cere- 778
mony, we took the shell necklaces and bead brace- 796
lets from the rawhide paint-and-accessory bag of 301
our Bundle and put them on. Medicine Pipe
Owners and their families used to wear these [793]
symbols all the time. Now most people wear them
only to ceremonies. They serve as a constant re- [82]
minder of the main elements of nature: shells to represent water; blue beads to represent the sky; thongs to represent animals; and a coating of sacred red paint to represent Earth.

We heard the voice of NinnaOnesta again, 778
announcing that the ceremony was about to be- 796
gin. We wrapped ourselves in our blankets (Wolf
Child and me; women generally wear theirs over [292]
their shoulders) and immediately we became very
hot! How it must have been in the Old Days [291]
when many of our People dressed like that every
day, wearing a buffalo robe or wool blanket as [178]
outer garments and buckskin or wool clothing underneath! They had deep convictions in our customs to find happiness despite physical discomfort.

The Elk Tipi was a large yellow-painted 778
lodge with the head and horns of a buffalo 796
painted over the front doorway. Hoof tracks deco- 346
rated both sides. The tipi belonged to Richard
Little Dog, who led Medicine Pipe ceremonies [532]
among the South Piegans in Montana. Jim Twig [422]
borrowed this tipi for his ceremony, because it
could accommodate many people. A second tipi [426]

[p. 133-4]

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[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony , 1972]

right to learn the sacred songs and Teachings of 778
the Medicine Pipes and to use them whenever we 796
wished to have their Power. 432

During the ceremony that followed, we were [424]
all painted in the style of Medicine Pipe People. [302]
My family was given new blankets and shell necklaces
and bead wristlets to wear. White fur headbands [301]
were placed on Wolf Child and me. [292]

A transfer within the transfer took place
when the little granddaughter of Mokakin and [852]
Ponah gave up her rights to wear the sacred topknot [237]
from our Bundle, which is a strip of otter
skin. While the topknot song was sung, the fur [301]
strip was wrapped in a spiral around a small,
doubled-over braid that SikskiAki had fixed over
Wolf Child's forehead. In our language, he became
a Medicine Pipe Child. We gave up a [435]
quarter horse yearling, another pile of blankets,
dry goods, and moccasins in payment for this.

Back in the Old Days, most Medicine Pipe 793 ●
Owners wore topknots to identify themselves. 779
The origin for this has been forgotten. In recent [301]
times most men cut their hair too short to wear [302]
topknots, which is probably why the rights to
these topknots are transferred to some child. The [432]
parents make sacrifices, offering nearly as much as [852]
given for the Bundle itself. Usually the Bundle
belongs to their own parents or a relative.

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21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood

the Bundle. Day Chief, with the help of another 778
head man, Blackfoot Old Woman, made a new
secondary Pipe and gathered the other objects re- [787]
quired to make up a Bundle. That is why the main
Pipe today looks very ancient and the rest of the
Bundle looks more recent. All this occurred some
years before Day Chief's death in 1907.

Mokakin recited the names of all the Blood 778
Owners of that Pipe Bundle. 793
551

1. White Horn
2. Day Chief
3. Carries a Knife
4. Last Dressed
5. Crazy Crow
6. Many Mules
7. Calf Robe
8. Headdress
9. Calf Robe
10. Pete Heavy Shield
11. Big Sorrel Horse
12. Antelope Whistler
13. Bob Plaited Hair
14. Jack Low Horn
15. Alec Stevens
16. Willy Wadsworth
17. Ben Strangling Wolf
18. Black Sleeps
19. Shot-on-Both-Sides
20. Black Forehead
21. Pat Weaselhead (Mokakin)
22. Charlie Panther Bone
23. Day Rider
24. Pat Weaselhead (Mokakin)
25. Fred Weaselfat
26. Willie Eagle Plume (Atsitsina)
27. John Day Rider
28. Willie Eagle Plume (Atsitsina)
29. Mrs. Day Rider
30. Pat Weaselhead (Mokakin)
31. Frank Weaselhead
32. Jim Twig
33. Fred Weaselhead

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21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood

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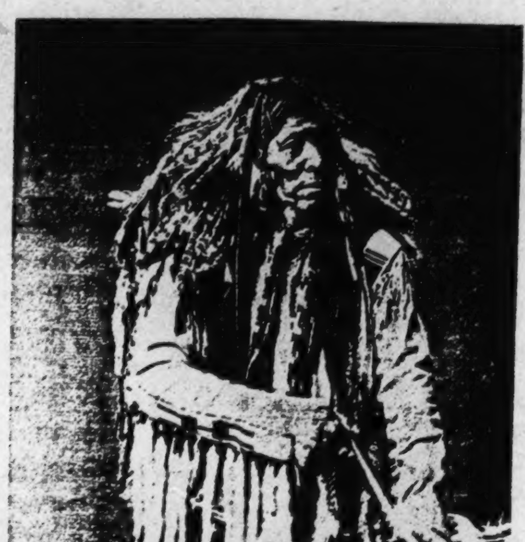

Day Chief in 1895. He was also known as Thunder Chief. (Steele & Co.)

[p. 143-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood

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[301]

Antelope Whistler, son of Blackfoot Old Woman and brother of Mike Yellow Bull. He was a former Owner of the Backside-to-the-Fire Pipe. (Clark Wissler)

Charlie Panther Bone and his first wife, around 1900.

[p.144-A]

taken north and now it is a white man's Pipe. 778
But my old Pipe, it has a lot of Spirits; I'm sure [776]
that it hears me talking about it right now.

That Pipe belonged to me two times. The first 778
time it was transferred to me. The second time, 425
it was returned to me after the death of the person
I transferred it to. We went to his mother
[old Mrs. Day Rider] to pay our respects. She is a
relative of ours. Mrs. Day Rider came over and
kissed me, and she was crying. She said, "Oki, [768]
Big Snake, go get your Pipe. You don't have to
pay on it, just get painted for it again." I didn't
say anything. I just looked at her. My brothers,
Jack and Jim Low Horn, they told me, "Why
aren't you talking? It's your Pipe. Take it. It won't
be good for it to be around a sad place."

After the funeral I went to her house. She was walking outside, crying. She just pointed to the house. I went inside and I hugged my Pipe. I told it that a sad thing happened to it because its Owner died. I took it and started home. That's why I had it a second time.

THE LONG-TIME PIPE

Some of our People think that the Long-Time 778
Pipe was in the Bundle originally given by Thunder. 793
They call the Long-Time Medicine Pipe
Mesam-Achkuineman. Our People hold that [622]
Bundle in special reverence; its Owners are often
chiefs.

The earliest-known Owner of the Long-Time
Pipe was Grey Broad Head. He was remembered
by a much later Owner, Stephen Fox, who died
not long ago near the age of one hundred. Stephen
Fox was still a young man when he met
Grey Broad Head, who was then about one hundred
himself. This man attributed his old age to [888]
the Power he got while keeping the Long-Time
Pipe. He told Stephen Fox that his payments for [435]
the Pipe included fifty dogs. That was back when
our People relied on dogs for help in moving [492]
camp and packing meat. [231]

[p. 147-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood

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237

Stephen Fox in his old age. He is praying and calling out four coups for the leader of the Horns Society, during our Sun Dance Encampment a few years ago. He holds the leader's swan-skin-wrapped staff. Stephen Fox lived to be almost a hundred, and remained very active until his death, at which time he was survived by many children—some of them older men and some still quite small. [555] [165]

In later years, the Pipe was owned in succession by Owns No Fancy Horses, Eagle Head, Heavy Shield, Old Man, Sleeps on Top, who was Stephen Fox's father, and Crop-Eared Wolf, our head chief after Red Crow's death. Crop-Eared Wolf gave one hundred horses as a sacrifice for the Pipe. This was back in the days when he was known by the name Many Horses. The Buffalo Days were ended by that time. 778 793 [435]

Crop-Eared Wolf had the Pipe for a number of years. He gave it to Wolf Chief, also known as Big Wolf. Big Wolf had a fifteen-year-old daughter named Ambush Woman, who was his minipoka. She married a young man by the name of Parted Hair and her father gave his new son-in- [425] [513]

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 148B]
[P. 147-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

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531

[144] Bobtail Chief, also known as Lone Medicine Pipe Owner and Apikuini, in 1958, shortly before his death. He was a former Owner of the Long-Time Pipe and the last man who could open the Bundle properly. His father was a non-Indian trader, but he chose to follow the life of his mother's People. (Glenbow Archives)

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21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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law the Long-Time Pipe. In addition, he gave 778
thirty horses to the groom's parents. They, in 793
turn, are said to have sent fifty horses and their [425]
own Medicine Pipe to Big Wolf in honor of the
marriage. [583]

The next Owner of the Long-Time Pipe was [622]
Shot-on-Both-Sides, who was our head chief for
almost fifty years. His wife became known as
Long-Time-Pipe-Woman. He kept the Pipe for
thirty-four years before he transferred it to Big
Sorrel Horse.

Big Sorrel Horse transferred the Pipe to old
Weaselhead, also known as Chief-in-Timber, who
was Mokakin's stepfather. When he transferred [432]
the Pipe to old Bobtail Chief, also called Lone [301]
Medicine Pipe Owner, old Weaselhead kept the

[p.148-B]

Bundle's blue-bead wristlets. The wristlets for the 778
Long-Time Pipe stayed in Weaselhead's family 793
for many years. The original drums from the [432]
Bundle are now owned by Many Grey Horses.
They are often used at the opening ceremonies of [301]
our remaining sacred Pipes. [534]

Bobtail Chief transferred the Long-Time
Pipe to Stephen Fox, who vowed to take it during [782]
an illness. Stephen Fox was a successful rancher
who owned many horses. Bobtail Chief did not [432]
think that enough of those horses were being sacrificed
for something so Powerful as our Long-Time [435]
Pipe. During the transfer ceremony, after he [796]
had looked outside at the payments, he came
back in and told the drummers to sing a special [533]
song in which he said, "I do not see that fine gray
team among your payments."- Stephen Fox
quickly sent someone after the matched team,
which he had hoped not to lose.

Stephen Fox was known by the name White-Plastering-His-Home [551]
until he became Owner of
the Long-Time Pipe. During the transfer, he took [553]
on the name Big Eagle. This was in keeping with
our tradition, which allows a person to take a new [555]
name for noteworthy accomplishment: a first
coup, a long-distance journey, or a major role
within our tribe.

Stephen Fox left behind a large family when
he died a few years ago. Some of them are well
known in reserve politics, business, social affairs,
and news media. He got the Fox name when, as [551]
a young boy, he was sent to school with his sister.
The teachers did not care to learn the students'
traditional names, so they decided to give them
all "proper" names. Because his sister's name was
Medicine Fox Woman, they were both given the
last name of Fox.

Calling First wanted to have the Long-Time [432]
Pipe, even though Stephen Fox did not wish to
give it up so soon. So he decided to make sure of
a transfer by stealing the Pipe from Stephen Fox.
Fifty-two horses were among the payments made
during that transfer. Calling First had the distinc- [582]
[584]

[p.149-A]

tion of having been married to a ten-year-old girl 778
when he was only twelve. The marriage was arranged 793
by their parents. It is said that Calling [582]
First used to have his mother watch his wife [584]
while he went out to play with his friends.

During the 1930s our next-door neighbor, old [782]
Dick Soup, made a vow to take the Long-Time
Pipe for his son, Arthur, who was then in a hospital.
The following year Arthur returned home, [432]
and the Pipe was transferred to him. Old Bird [796]
Rattler called out the necessary coups while Soup [555]
was given the right to mount a horse (by tradition
this required a man to relate how he had rescued [424]
a friend during battle) and to dismount (for [425]
which the coup had to be about an enemy who
was pulled from his horse). Of course, no one
today has such deeds among his record of accomplishments.

The next Owner of the Long-Time Pipe was
Henry Standing Alone, also known as Folded Intestine.
He and his wife were well-liked participants
in our holy ceremonies. Unfortunately, they [765]
were killed recently in a tragic auto accident.
Around 1939, Folded Intestine's daughter was [771]
very ill and he became depressed and lost his faith
in our Old Ways. He wondered why his little girl
had to suffer so much instead of him. But his
daughter recovered and then he became critically
ill. It took three months for him to get well again.
While almost dead, he had a dream in which he [787]
was told that if he vowed to accept the duties of a [782]
Medicine Pipe Bundle, he would recover. He related
his dream to two older relatives, Heavy [755]
Head and Cross Child, both former Medicine
Pipe Keepers. They offered to help him fulfill his
vow if he wished to follow their advice. They
told him that since no particular Bundle had been
mentioned in the dream, he might just as well
vow the Powerful Long-Time Pipe. The Bundle
was transferred to him during the next Sun Dance
Encampment.

Standing Alone transferred the Long-Time
Pipe to his sister and her husband, John Red

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Crane, also called Black Bachelor. After them the 778
next Owner was Charlie Davis, another successful 793
rancher following the Old Ways, like his friend
Dick Soup. While Charlie Davis was on his [425]
deathbed, John Red Crane took the Pipe back,

and later had it transferred to himself a second
time.

Not long after Red Crane took the Pipe over [439]
that second time, he sold it to the Provincial [432]
Museum. And that's where it is now.

[p.150-A]

Owner cried out, 'It sure was broken last year. Everyone saw it. But now it doesn't look like it was broken.' That is a very strange thing about this Pipe that my children have, here. It was broken, but when they opened the Bundle again, it was all right. That's very strange." 778 276 173

Running Wolf and Heavy Shield are remembered as Owners of our Pipe during the Old Days. One of its former Owners, White Horn, John Many Chiefs, gave me the following list of the Bundle's Owners as far back as he knew them: 793 ● 778 551 [115]

1. Lizard Shoulder
2. Eagle Arrow
3. Frank Red Crow
4. Red Beads
5. John Cotton
6. Red Leggings
7. Bumble Bee
8. Arthur Healy
9. Wings
10. Bob Black Plume
11. Crow-Spreads-His-Wings
12. John Many Chiefs
13. Laurie Plume
14. Willie Scraping White (Wolf Old Man)
15. Bob First Charger
16. Frank Red Crow
17. Jim Red Crow
18. Stabs Down
19. Adolf Hungry Wolf

Arthur Healy is the earliest Owner still living. He was just a young man when he received the Bundle. It was a gift when he married the daughter of its former Owner, old Bumble Bee. Healy transferred the Bundle to old Wings, who died not long ago. 793 778 [584]

Wings took over our Bundle sometime in the 1920s. The minipoka of his father, Day Old Man, he joined the Pigeon Society when he was only ten years old. At fifteen he became a member of [858] [575] [561]

[p. 155-B]

292
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793

Eagle Arrow. The eagle-bone whistle and the feathers are his Medicine. (Glacier Studio)

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the Brave Dogs. At the age of thirty-five he joined 793
the Horns. 778

For several years Wings worked on his [575]
brother's farm and then on the reserve's agency
farm. Because the agent liked Wings, he was [561]
often given pleasant jobs like driving to town in a 793
buggy to pick up mail and groceries. Eventually 778
the agent decided to set up Wings on a farm of
his own. Wings chose a vacant piece of land on 657
the reserve and became a "homesteader" (an option [464]
still open to members of the band). The [426]
agent loaned him eight good horses, a wagon, a

six-strip canvas tent (many of our People still 773
lived year-around in tents and tipis back then), a 778
plow, and enough food to get him started. [657]

By the time Wings vowed to take our sacred [426]
Pipe, his farm was operating well, and he had
already paid off the agent's loan. But after he [342]
made his payments for the Bundle, he didn't have [432]
enough horses left to haul a wagon. Besides, the
wagon itself had been included as part of the payment. [511]
For him, the sacrifice had been considerable.

The next Owner of our Bundle was Bob [551]
Black Plume, also known as Apikayi, or "Skunk."
He was given the name by his grandmother, who [553]
used the Power of that animal in her doctoring. [755]
He was a regular leader of our sacred ceremonies
until recently, when he decided to give all his [797]
devotion to the Full Gospel Church.

Bobtail Chief was the leader of the ceremony
during which our Pipe was transferred from
Laurie Plume, or Otter, to our Old Man. The [431]
Old Man kept it for ten years, then gave it as a
present to his son-in-law, Bob First Charger. The [765]
Old Man was then mourning the death of his
wife.

SikskiAki was first in the presence of the Pipe
when our Old Man had it. She was just a little [852]
girl when Grandma AnadaAki and her husband,
Ben Strangling Wolf, took her along to the Old
Man's spring Thunder ceremony. Although SikskiAki
was then quite young, her memories add to
the spirit the Bundle now has for us.

THE DIFFERENT-PEOPLE PIPE

One of our remaining Medicine Pipe Bundles has 778
been with our People since the year 1833. Some
ethnologists have called this Bundle the Gros
Ventre Pipe and even the Long-Time Pipe.
Among our People it is known as *NamaTappiAchkuineman*,
or the "Different-People Pipe." It [177]
was brought here from the Mandan tribe.

Our head chief at the end of the Buffalo

[p. 156-B]

earth lodge village earlier in the summer, and that 778
"the man was well made and both were very 175
neatly dressed." 484

About twenty years later Pinukwiim again visited the Mandans. By then he was head chief of the Bloods. A trader recorded in his journal [292] that he was "splendidly dressed (in) a magnificent bonnet of war-eagle feathers falling to his feet." He must have been a most courageous man to wander in such style through the country of his enemies.

After Pinukwiim, the earliest Owner we can 793
recall is Old Spear Chief. He transferred the Pipe 778
to old Long-Time Squirrel and his son, Many Grey Horses. From them the Pipe went to Steel, then to Weasel Moccasin, and then to old Plume. Long-Time Squirrel took the Pipe for a second time, before it went to Mark Old Shoes in 1950. He transferred the Pipe to Jim White Man Left, who then transferred it to the Old Man's later partner and roommate, Big Nose. At the Sun [425] Dance Camp the Bundle was ceremonially stolen from Big Nose's lodge while no one was there. It was transferred to the children of Many Grey Horses, who still own it.

THE CREE MEDICINE PIPE

Another of our remaining Medicine Pipe Bundles 778
is known as *Assinai-Achkuineman*, or "Cree Medi- 721
cine Pipe." The sacred Pipe in that Bundle was captured from a camp of Cree People during a battle. That battle took place sometime around 1880 and was one of the last fought between the Crees and our People. This is the way it happened:

After a Cree raid on Blood camps, One Spotted Horse led a war party of Bloods and Piegans in retaliation. He is remembered today by the name One Spot.

Some distance east of the present-day city of 778
Edmonton, the war party located a small Cree 726
camp and attacked in broad daylight, overpower-

[p.157-8]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

People made up the accessories and prepared the 778
skins. Since no one knew the Pipe's Cree songs, 425
our own Medicine Pipe songs were used for the traditional Blood ceremony. People who in the past had been given the rights for such sacred objects as topknots, tripods, Owner's necklaces, and so forth, were called upon to transfer those rights to the new Owner and his wife.

It has been said of the Cree Pipe that new Owners were never captured with it, and that the
Pipe was always taken to fulfill vows. Because [829]
some of our People never lost their fear of the Power of the Crees, the Cree Pipe was not transferred often. The sacrifice payments were always less than for our other Pipes.

A history of its past Keepers is not well 778
known. One former Owner was Round Nose, 793●
who transferred it to Joe Young Pine. After him, it went to Charlie Wolf Plume. Among recent Owners were Jack Hind Bull, then Jim White Bull, and then Hind Bull's daughter, Mrs. Bill Heavy Runner. She gave the Pipe to old Bob First Charger. After his death it was transferred to the partnership of young Joe Chief Body and his adopted daughter, the present Owners.

Around 1910 several Bloods, including Dog 177
Child and Sun Calf, came upon a Cree camp. 171
They asked the Crees if anything was known about their old Pipe. One of them, Shot Many Times, spoke Blackfoot fairly well and was familiar with the Pipe. He said that his People received their first sacred Pipe from Sun. He had only heard about a few such Pipes, and their Owners were always brave men and holy leaders. At times their duty required them to unwrap the sacred Stem and walk between the lines of a battle in order to offer the symbolic "Pipe of Peace" to the two fighting groups. Many bloody battles were ended this way, but an occasional Pipe-bearer did not live to see the peace.

Shot Many Times also described some Cree customs with sacred Pipes. In daytime the Pipes were hung outside on tripods, and daily incense

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 159]

SOME OTHER MEDICINE PIPES WE USED TO HAVE

As late as 1960 there were still ten Medicine Pipes 778
on the Blood Reserve. Half have since been sold [439]
to museums and private collectors. Although our Pipes are much sought after with large sums of money, the collectors show little interest in the spiritual history of these Bundles. When they display the Bundles, any accompanying information is generally anthropological in nature and often spiritually misleading. In one case, a sacred Stem is displayed next to a collection of regular pipes inside a glass case labeled Indian Pipes.

The Alberta Provincial Museum has seven or more Medicine Pipe Bundles, none accompanied by thorough documentation that might give future students an idea of the true Spirit which once was with them. Some are accompanied by no more information than the last Owner's name.

To complete my words about our sacred Pipes, I will tell you what I have learned about some of those that no longer belong to our People.

OUR UNCLE'S PIPE

Just a few years ago, our uncle, Atsitsina, became 778
a Medicine Pipe Owner, perhaps for the last time. 793
He had hoped to keep the Bundle for many years, but someone made a vow to take it. Atsitsina arranged to take it back after the vow was fulfilled, but the last Owner quietly sold it and it was quickly taken far from our reserve.

This particular Bundle, which never had a distinct name, had been owned by Atsitsina's dad, Natosina, for many years during the Buffalo Days. Natosina stole the Pipe from old Iron, who took it back again after Natosina's term was over.

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood

Later, it belonged to Grey Broad Head, who once 779
owned the Long-Time Pipe as well. Next in line 793
was his brother, Running Antelope, then Charlie
Eagle Speaker, and then Harry Spear Chief.
Albert Chief Calf, who is known by his father's
name, NinnaOnesta, or Chief Calf, had the Bundle
for a long time. After NinnaOnesta, the Bundle
went to Jack Eagle Bear, from whom Atsitsina
stole it in the Old Way. He told us the story of 778
how he stole it: 425

Oki, my brother, Jim Low Horn, and I went to Lethbridge one time to buy groceries, and to get some intestinal meats from the butcher there. As we drove along I asked him, "In the Old Days, how did people steal Medicine Pipes?" [262]

He said he knew exactly how it was done. He said, "I won't tell you how it was done. I will show you. You have been wanting a Medicine Pipe in your old age, so we will just go and get the one that used to belong to your father."

He told me to drive to Jack Eagle Bear's house, where my dad's Pipe was. When we got there all we saw was just a bunch of kids playing. Jim asked them, "Where is Long Mane?" That was Eagle Bear's other name. They said, "He went to Stand Off. He just left. He will be gone for some time."

We went into Long Mane's house. The Pipe was hanging up in there. The children all came and looked. There was a place for incense, and the sweet pine needles were there. Jim told me, "Take some of those pine needles. Use them on your feet and rub your body with them and put them in your pockets and put some in your mouth and spray them on the Pipe." I did what he said, then I took down the Pipe. The children were all just looking at us. Jim told me, "Go and put it in the car." Then he told the children not to tell their father who took the Pipe.

When we got back home my brother said, "That is how it is done. Now you have stolen a Pipe. Very few people have done that. They were scared to steal Pipes." He told me that I

when there is a death in the Owner's family. 778
Often a former Owner takes the Bundle back and [768]
later has it transferred to himself.) So Steve Oka
sold the Bundle to Hugh Dempsey for three hundred [425]
dollars. Dempsey took it for the Blackfoot [439]
collection in the then-new Glenbow Museum in [432]
Calgary.

The Bundle's former Owner, Mike Eagle [435]
Speaker, was one of the first from the Blood Reserve
to obtain a college degree. He once told me [873]
that he originally got the Bundle because of a vow [782]
made during a time of need in his family. Because
the Power of the Bundle helped his family over- [425]
come their trial, Mike felt he had been repaid for his material investment, and for that reason had given the Pipe to its next Owner, accepting no payments.

Mokakin said that this Pipe originally came 778
from the North Blackfoot People. The first Blood 793 ●
man to own it was Sun Calf, a partner of old Red Crow. After him the Owners were Hungry Crow; Rides-at-the-Door (the holy woman and her late husband); Gordon Bird; Morning Bird; Camoose Bottle; Joe Eagle Ribs; Mike Eagle Speaker; and then Steve Oka.

WILLIE MILLS'S PIPE

One of our former Medicine Pipe Bundles is 778
listed in the collection of the Provincial Museum 439
as the "Willie Mills Pipe." Mills was the grandson
of the Negro interpreter, Dave Mills (Young 177
Scabby Bull). Like Steve Oka, Mills sold his Pipe [144]
while mourning the loss of his wife. He sold it in
1966 to the white man of the Alberta Provincial [768]
Museum.

Mokakin and Atsitsina, both of whom had sacred Pipes at that time, told me that they used to dread this white man's visits. Mokakin said, "That guy, he never takes no for an answer. He come back and he come back, no matter what I tell him, he always come in with his big smile. Even nobody trusts him with it. He smile, and

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

pretty soon he don't smile no more when I tell 778
him I'm not interested in his money. As soon as 439
he knows something is wrong in our house, he 177
comes again."

When his offer to buy sacred Pipes was first accepted by old Willie Mills, the white man wrote to his superior at the Provincial Museum:

> *Among the Indians, when ownership of the* [435]
> *bundle is transferred, payment is made to the amount of $1,000 to $1,500. There are very few of these and they are difficult to obtain as the Plains Indians consider them to be sacred and extremely valuable. . . . Today there remains only 5 on The Reservations in Canada and the United States, and 6 in museum collections in the U.S. and Canada* [far from true; there were many more]. *. . . These bundles are very old and valuable, the originals are never duplicated and vary in age from*
> *80 to 200 years. The market price for this type of* [435]
> *bundle is $1,000 if complete. This particular sacred pipe bundle . . . is approximately 150 years old . . . contains 105 items.*

The "market price" he lists was set by himself and, like the value of all good investments, it
rose rapidly after he wrote his letter. He was able [435]
to buy the Bundle for $700, which he thought
was quite a deal, since Willie Mills gave "goods to [432]
the value of $1,100 for this bundle when ownership
ship was transferred to him in 1953." Mills had [793]
gotten the Bundle from his father, Harry Mills, who had been its previous Owner. Before him it was owned by Nelson Rabbit; Brown Chief Calf; Mark Wolf Child; Big Sorrel Horse; Iron; and Calf Shirt, who had the Power with Rattlesnakes.

A BAD MEDICINE PIPE BUNDLE

One of the Bundles that our Old People actually 778
remember being made up during their lifetime is the one that Lone Invitation Caller was directed to make. That Bundle became known as the Bad

[p. 164-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

Few old Iniskims of this kind still exist, as they 778
are usually buried with the persons who find [769]
them.

When a spiritual-looking stone was found, it [793]
was brought to a holy man or woman, who
blessed it with a covering of sacred paint, sang the
ceremonial songs, and, after thus endowing it,
awarded this new Iniskim to the finder.

Iniskim necklaces were commonly worn, [301]
especially by children. At ceremonies, our Old
Man wore a bead-decorated one given to him in
childhood by his grandfather, Owl Boy. He in- [237]
structed us to keep Iniskims on our altar at camp,
and while traveling to wrap them up in a layer of [415]
matted buffalo hair and keep them inside a raw-
hide bag. Such bags are usually square, with long
fringes of buckskin along the sides, and decora-
tions of colored geometric designs. These bags are
usually large enough to hold most of a family's
sacred articles—incense, paints, necklaces, feath-
ers, smoking mixtures.

The Old Man used to keep at his house a [353]
little earth-filled box that sat between his stove
and rear wall. It was his altar for making incense.
Inside it were several small Iniskims, each resting [237]
on a little cushion of buffalo hair. Some of the
stones looked like standing persons; others resem-
bled buffalo. One was simply a smooth, round [531]
pebble. All were covered with sacred red paint.

[p. 169-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

Now, I am a christian and do not believe in 755
superstitions, whatever. But this unaccountable 763
thing we saw, I and my wife, is still a puzzle to us. However, seeing is believing, they say.

This Medicine-Man's name was Getting Wood at Night. He died last winter.

The term *Medicine Man,* or *Medicine* 793
Woman, describes anyone who has knowledge of 756
the spiritual world. But among our People, such knowledge can be possessed by different individuals whom we do not necessarily refer to as Medicine Men or Women, even though they are in that category. We prefer to refer to them more specifically—holy people, doctors, or ceremonial leaders.

Early white visitors learned that the People seemed to believe in the Powers of holy and medicinal things. These visitors used the term *Medicine* in their journals to describe these mysterious Powers. Thus, those called upon for help with the mysterious Powers became known as Medicine Men. A Medicine Man or Woman of the doctoring order did not necessarily belong to the Holy Order, although many belonged to both. Holy men and women inspired others to find happiness through good thoughts and a holy way of living; they offered spiritual advice and prayers. A person became a member of the Holy Order only after
many years of study with older holy people. The [787]
Power of Medicine Men to doctor came only through dreams. This Power was seldom told to others and could never be transferred to anyone else. People respected the Medicine Man for all the good things he could do, but they also feared him, because they saw many times that he had
Power over life and death. It was a rare thing for [754]
one of our doctors to use his Power for evil purposes, whereas it was common among the doctors of our neighbors, such as the Crees.

Young people who were interested usually 756
learned the uses of common plants, which we call 759
"everybody's medicines," from older relatives. If 787

[p. 173-A]

As day broke, they saw an endless body of warriors all around them. They tried to retreat but it 726
was no use. As they scattered, some were trapped in cottonwood groves, some were slaughtered while trying to swim across the river, and some were killed hiding in coulees, where our men threw large stones down at them. The Piegan and Blood chiefs finally called their men off to avoid further bloodshed, and the remaining Crees were able to make their escape. [727]
Exact figures are not known, of course, but it is believed that fatalities on our side were around 40, while the Crees lost 300 or more.

STORIES OF NATOSINA, OR EAGLE PLUME

One of my favorite Old People from the past was 793
our uncle's father, Natosina. During most of his life he was known by the name Pita-Sapohp, or [551]
"Eagle Plume." Although he has been gone for close to forty years now, his name is still frequently mentioned at ceremonies and other gatherings of our Old People. He knew about all our Old Ways, and was a skilled Teacher of them. One Old Person described him to me as "Professor Eagle Plume."

Old Natosina was born around 1850. His [551]
father was named Not-Scared-of-Gros Ventres.
Among his father's wives was his mother, whose [553]
name, *Otsani*, can no longer be translated. Because it was misunderstood, she was called Old Charlie, which stuck with her. Among her children were Natosina's brothers Running Wolf, Big Snake, Many Chiefs, Last Star, Crow Tail Feathers, and Dog. She also had a daughter, Three Owl Woman.

Natosina married his main wife, his sits-beside-him wife, as we say, while she was very young. Her name was Prairie Dog Woman, and she is best remembered as a holy woman who put up several Medicine Lodges. Around the year [595]
1900, he took the widow of Low Horn for a second wife. [587]
Her name was SikskiAki, and she

793
291
[237]

Atsitsina with his parents, Natosina and SikskiAki. He is wearing a blanket coat and holding a pipe bag. Natosina holds a buffalo tail whisk, which he uses for fanning himself and for sweat bathing.

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brought with her an infant son, Jack Low Horn. 793
With Natosina she soon had another son, who is [595]
our uncle, Atsitsina. For a short time Natosina
had three wives, all related, but the youngest one [587]
died without having children.

Old SikskiAki was given her name, "Black- [551]
Faced Woman," because of her dark skin. In
spite of that, she had blue eyes. Her mother, [553]
Blonde Big Nose, also blue-eyed, had been part [144]
French and part Mexican. *Her* father (Atsitsina's great-grandfather) had been a French trader also known as Bill, who was noted for having very long red hair. Old SikskiAki's father was a Blood named White Crane.

Natosina was the leader of every kind of 793
Sacred Ceremony—Medicine Pipe, Beaver Bundle, 797
Horns Society, Nighttime, and Medicine Lodge. He was a noted doctor and spiritual advisor. His war records include twenty-two different raids, on which he killed seven enemy men and captured well over one hundred horses. Like many Old People he was baptized into the Catholic Church in a mass ceremony that was explained

to them as a blessing from the holy white man, as priests are called in Blackfoot. Not long before his death, when a relative volunteered to go for a priest, he picked up a cup and said to those with him, "In this cup is my Catholic religion." He slowly turned the cup upside down and sat it down on the table, without saying another word. 793 797

Natosina's brother, Big Snake, died around 1915. He was well known among all the Blackfoot People for being both fearless and reckless. Because his parties always returned successfully, he had a large following whenever he announced plans to leave on a raid. Experienced older men, however, seldom went with him because he was so wild. They preferred the company of more serious and conscientious men. 554 555 156

One man who knew old Natosina was the writer James Willard Schultz. He lived with the Piegans for many years, beginning in the 1870s. He learned the Blackfoot language, went on buffalo hunts and war raids, and was known as Apikunni, or "Far-off-Scabby-Robe." He left the Piegans in 1903, after the death of his wife, but came back to visit often and wrote many fine stories about the Old Days. In the 1920s he recorded a few adventures of his Blood friends, who included Natosina and old Weasel Tail. I read Apikunni's story to Atsitsina, who had not heard it for many years. He said that most of the details in it are correct and that it is a good version of the way his dad used to relate this adventure. I will give you the story in Apikunni's words—he writes it as though old Natosina were speaking. 114

EAGLE PLUME

One beginning-of-summer-time, when we Ka'ina were encamped on Belly River, close up to the Backbone [the Rocky Mountains, the "Backbone of the Earth"], I called upon nine men, good warriors all of them, to go with me on a raid south; a raid upon the Crows. Before leaving, we built a sweat lodge of good size, and asked Three 726 [103] [782]

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 258-A]
[p. 256-B]

horses tied close to them. And then I saw riders 726
going away from the camp, driving before them a
herd of horses. I awoke. Sun was nearing the 787
middle of the blue. I lay there until my helper [252]
came and called me, and then joined my companions,
all of them up and broiling meat at a little
smokeless fire. My helper gave me some meat,
and, as I ate, I told my vision. All agreed with me
that it was a good one; that its meaning was that
we were to have good success and get many horses
from an enemy camp somewhere ahead.

We heard a raven making its hoarse cry. It
came from the north and rested upon a branch of
a dead tree under which we were sitting. Again
and again it gave its loud hoarse cries, looking
down at us, and off to the south. My companions
looked up at it, looked at me. As I was a sacred- [793]
pipe man, I sang the raven's song: "Wind, it is
my element, powerful is the wind." [533]

And then: "Buffalo I am looking for. I have [778]
found them. I have found them upon the ground.
The ground is my element. It is powerful." [The
last words are from an Iniskim song; Iniskims
were part of most war-pipe Bundles, but not
sacred-Pipe Bundles.]

The raven listened to my singing, looked
down at me, turning its head sideways, looking at
me first with one eye, then the other, and when I
had finished, it gave four cries, spread its wings,
and went flying on to the south. That was another [777]
sign that we were to have good luck. We
were impatient for the coming of night, so that
we could go on southward.

When the new day came, we arrived at the 726
north end of the Bad Mountains [Crazy Mountains],
and stopped at the head of a small river,
Bad River [Shields River], that flows down the
west side of them, southward into Elk River [Yellowstone
River]. Some time before the coming of
the next day, we neared the junction of the two
rivers, and saw fresh horse-tracks in a dusty buffalo
trail that we were following. That meant that
we were probably near an enemy camp. The far

[p. 259-B]

side of Elk River was Crow country. We went up 726
onto a near hill that was well grown over with
juniper and other brush, and there awaited the
coming of day. It came, and to the south of us,
where Elk River comes from the mountains out
into the plain, we saw rising the smoke of many
lodge fires, of a big Crow camp, of course.

Leaving me alone on watch on the hill, my [342]
companions went down into the timber bordering
the river and built a war lodge of poles and brush, [372]
and, when it was completed and a small fire of
dry bark burning in it, I went down into it, Wolf
Plume taking my place on the hill. I called upon
Black Elk to assist me, and together we burned
some sweetgrass, purified ourselves in the smoke [793]
of it, and, with the prayers and songs belonging to [783]
it, went through the complete ceremony of my
Thunder Medicine; praying each of us, as the [782]
pipe went the round of our circle, for success [276]
against the enemy, and safe return to our People.
[This is the common procedure with a war pipe. [778]
A regular Medicine Pipe would not be smoked at
such a time.] That done, we rested there for the
remainder of the day, keeping good watch upon
the country from the hilltop, but failing to see
enemies anywhere about. There were plenty of
buffalo between us and Elk River; more herds
were on the other side of the river. The Crows,
we thought, must be making their killings of meat
very near their camp.

Came night, and we went on down to Elk [501]
River, built a raft of driftwood, placed upon it our
weapons, clothing and various belongings, sacrificed [782]
to the underwater people some small presents,
praying to them that we might safely cross
their element, and so took to the water, holding
onto our raft while swimming. We easily made
the other shore, some distance downstream,
dressed, and went on, following up the valley of
the river. Morning had not come when we heard,
far ahead of us, the dogs of the camp answering
the howling of the wolves about it. We did not
want to go on and raid the camp; we wanted first

liver on the table, and a glass of water. Then she 791
sang some songs. She told us to turn the lights off. 787
She sat there quietly and we all waited. Pretty [237]
soon the dogs started barking outside and there was a noise like someone running up to the house and breathing hard. It was a ghost!

The old lady told the ghost, "Oki, there is some water for you. Drink it." There was a sound like glass tinkling against something solid. Then she said, "Oki, there is some food for you." There were more funny noises. Then she offered the ghost a smoke and we could see the tobacco being smoked. Then she told the ghost what the problem was, and asked him to go and look for the boy's knife. The old lady told us to turn the lights back on. Nobody was there and all the food and water were gone.

A while later the dogs started barking again. The old lady said to hurry up and turn the lights off. Then we heard a loud thumping noise. After that she offered the ghost another smoke and then he left. We turned the lights back on and found the knife lying on the floor. I know that old lady was very Powerful because everybody saw this happen. She didn't know where the knife was and she never left us to go and get it.

Natosina was kept so busy with his sacred 773
duties that he never cared much for the modern [177]
ways that were coming to our People. Most of his visitors followed the Old Ways. His Powers were so strong and had so many obligations associated with them that others were afraid to come near
him. Whenever he had a bad dream he would call [787]
his children and grandchildren to him, as well as
any other nearby relatives, and pray for them [782]
while painting their faces with sacred red earth.

One of his dream obligations required that 793
he never be interrupted while smoking. He com- 276
municated with Spirits then, and an interruption 784
might break his contact and leave his Spirit out- [787]
side his body.

One time SikskiAki's father and uncle, when

[p. 264-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

793 ●
302
292
142
237
531

Natosina (Son Chief) or Eagle Plume, as he was in 1920's. The shirt was his prize one, decorated with locks of hair from friends and relatives. (Glacier Studios)

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they were little boys, found out what might happen if Natosina were interrupted while smoking. The two boys had been out for some time chopping firewood. It was a cold day and they were tired, so they eagerly headed for the warm house. 793 276 784

[p.265-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

When they got there the door was closed and 793
blocked from inside. Bernard told his brother, 276
Edward, "Darn it, that old man is smoking again 784
and I'm cold and want to go inside." They stood
around for a few minutes and then Bernard suddenly pushed hard on the door and opened it up.
Natosina was sitting in a chair near the door, his
pipe in hand. As they came through, the pipe fell
and his head fell forward; blood trickled from the
side of his mouth. His old wife told the boys to
hurry and close the door and then to stand still.
She began to sing the song of his sacred Power [533]
and pretty soon he lifted his head, looking somewhat dazed. While the boys looked on in amaze- [755]
ment, Natosina coughed loudly, his hand held in [302]
front of his mouth. He took the hand and rubbed
it on his forehead, which became covered with
sacred yellow paint. He coughed again into his
hand and wiped it on one of his cheeks; it became
covered with sacred red paint. One more time he
did this, covering his other cheek with red paint.
Then he told the boys, "Don't walk in like that
again when you know I'm smoking. I might not
be able to come back next time."

STORIES OF WEASEL TAIL

A contemporary of Natosina was Apachsoysis, or 159
"Weasel Tail." Although he knew a great deal
about our sacred ceremonies, he was not a leader.
His fame rested on his fearless bravery. He was [554]
also noted for being something of a historian, as
well as a great comedian who specialized in tall
tales.

Weasel Tail was born in 1859. When he be- [177]
came orphaned, he wandered and ended up living
for a time among the Crow People. He was still [721]
young when he married his only wife, Hate
Woman, who went with him on several of his war [562]
parties. Like his partner, Bird Rattler, Weasel
Tail went back to Crow camps during some of his
later horse raids. During one horse raid, he was [727]
caught with Bird Rattler and imprisoned at Fort

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 267-A]

to sing his Power song which he told them would bring him back to life. Others from the camp persuaded the women to stop, for fear that Mad Calf Shirt would return even madder in the form of a grizzly bear, which was said to have been his Power. 763 [533]

WHITE WOLF

In his old age, White Wolf looked like a fierce old warrior who had never given up his thoughts about war trails. And until his death early in this century he was, indeed, one of the bravest warriors of the Old Days. Nevertheless, White Wolf is best remembered as a very kind and also holy man. He was Teacher to Natosina, who later became Teacher to Heavy Head, who was then Teacher to our Old Man. 793 ● [554]

White Wolf was also known by the names White Bull and One Week. The latter name was given to him because he so often said, "Rations in one week." It was the only expression he could say in English, having learned it around the agency. [551] [553]

Three of old White Wolf's war adventures are recorded with picture drawings on a buffalo hide in the collection at the Glenbow Museum. The story of one of the adventures goes like this: 532 212

My partner was Pinukwiim. We went together on most of our trails. On one of these we were led by Sun Calf. There were eight of us. We went to raid the Crows, approaching their camps by going from coulee to coulee, so as not to be seen on the open prairie. Some early-morning hunters from the enemy camp spotted us just as we were going into a coulee to camp for the day. We should not have been out in the open after daybreak, so close to their camp. They went back to the Crow camp and returned with more than a hundred mounted men. Meanwhile, we got busy digging a pit, because there was no place for us to escape to on foot. We used our big knives for 726 793

[p.272-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

793 ●
142
302
301
292

White Wolf. One of the greatest holy men. His Teachings were passed on to Natosina, then to Heavy Head, and from him to the Old Man, among others. (Glacier Studio)

---

shovels and dug a pit deep enough to hide in. 726
The battle lasted all day. We were safe inside our 793
pit. The Crows couldn't come close without us shooting a couple of their horses each time. By afternoon there were dead enemies and horses lying all around us. We fought this way for four days, going on without food and water. On the fourth night we had a chance to sneak away from the place in the darkness and escape. All eight of us got back home safely. Many Feathers and Little Dog were also along on this trip.

[p.272-8]

him a feather from their own Medicine or from 714
a Medicine Pipe Bundle or something that they [789]
had. He tied them all together and kept them for [726]
good luck. [431]

BIG WOLF

The name *Makwi Ena* means "Wolf Chief," but 793 ●
was translated as "Big Wolf" and written that
way on the agency records. After that the People [551]
began calling Wolf Chief by the English name
Big Wolf. He was an experienced warrior and a
leader of holy ceremonies. He once owned our [778]
Long-Time Pipe and is thought to have been the [276]
last man who knew the proper ceremony for it.
According to him, that Pipe had a complete set of [533]
its own songs; they resembled sacred tipi songs and could be sung only by former Owners of the Pipe. The Long-Time Pipe was never opened by anyone other than a former Owner until its sale to the Provincial Museum.

Big Wolf was the first father-in-law of our Old Man, who told me this story.

Oki, at this time, my father-in-law, Big Wolf, 726
was called Hind Man. He and some others started 793
traveling at the time of changing weather, just before summer. It was raining and snowing, and they went on horseback. They rode along until they came to this big road. He told two of them to go and check the road to see if anyone had been moving along it, for the tracks might lead them to a camp to raid.

It was raining and snowing so hard that the two men waited in some bushes for a while, until the storm cleared a little. Then they saw a single rider going along the road with a travois attached to his horse. One of the men hurried back to the rest of the party to tell them that it looked like a man coming back from Where We Buy [trading post]. Before they all got back to the road, the man was gone out of sight. They went up on a hill to look down the road and they saw three men

[p. 273-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

793
302
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142

Big Wolf. Powerful warrior and former Owner of the Long-Time Pipe (Glacier Studio)

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coming down the road. One of them was riding 726
a horse, the others were walking. So they all 793
rushed out and attacked them. Big Wolf chased
the one on the horse. Before anybody got hurt, [648]
Ermine Horse found out that the men were
friends, they were Northern Real Crees. Ermine
Horse told the others to return all the things that
they had taken from the Crees, then they all sat
down to smoke.

After a while the Bloods started arguing with [578]
each other. Some of them said they didn't come
to make any treaties. Maybe the Crees figured out
what they were arguing about, because one of
them lifted his gun and fired at the Bloods. A
fight started. Two of the Crees were killed right

[p.274-A]

away but the third one got back on the horse and 726
rode off. Big Wolf chased him and shot him from 793
his horse. The Cree was badly wounded but he was acting very wild and growling like a bear. One of Big Wolf's friends rode up and shot the Cree in the head. He was very bloody. Big Wolf said it was awful, he still kept growling and trying to get up after them until he finally died. That is what Big Wolf told me.

BLACK PLUME

Old Black Plume was a kind man whose intentions 793
were so good that the People asked him to [156]
lead their ceremonies, even though he often

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 275-B]

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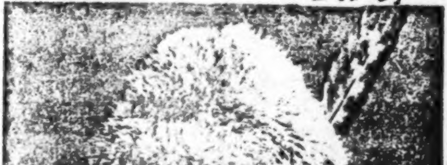

Black Plume dressed for raiding in the 1920s. The case around his shoulder holds a looking glass. [416]

[p. 274-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

342
793
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[778] Black Plume and his wives in 1892. A Medicine Pipe Bundle hangs over the doorway of his lodge and other Medicines hang from the tripod at the rear. He is wearing his hair in a topknot, as befits a Medicine Pipe owner. The old horse was his favorite war horse, which he originally captured during a raid on an enemy camp. (R. N. Wilson)
[302]
[721]

[P. 275-A]

mixed up some of his songs. For some years he 793
kept a Beaver Bundle, which was later sold to [156]
Mrs. Walters by the man he transferred it to. He
was Keeper of the Black Seizer's Society Pipe. He [778]
also owned a Medicine Pipe Bundle at one time, [425]
and from his friend, Robert Wilson, obtained the
famous Weasel Medicine Robe that once belonged to Red Crow.

Black Plume had two wives while he was a 793
young man. They were Long-Time Gun Woman 595
and Black Horn. The latter was the mother of
Dick Soup and Bob Black Plume. In his later
years, he was married to an older woman for a
short time, and then became the husband of
Pretty Wolverine Woman, former sweetheart of
Medicine Pipe Stem, whose romance led to the
death of that young man along with her former
husband, Charcoal. She lived with Black Plume
until his death, around 1940.

Black Plume is said to have gone on about 793
ten war raids. On one raid, he joined three of his 721
friends to form one of several Blood parties that
retaliated against the Crees for breaking a recent
peace treaty. The Crees had raided the Blood
camps in the summer of 1883 and made off with
some eighty horses belonging to Head Chief Red
Crow. Black Plume and his group located a Cree 793
camp out on the prairie just before daybreak. 726
They decided to take cover in a grove of trees and
wait for nightfall. During the day some of the
horses from the Cree camp wandered out to
where they were, and the men immediately noticed
that many of them were from Red Crow's
herd. Each man captured one of the horses and
headed back home.

When they arrived at the Blood camps, the 793
Mounties were already waiting to arrest the 727
raiders for horse stealing, which was by then [177]

[p. 275-B]

"against the law." But when it was learned that 793
all four horses had been stolen from Red Crow, 727
the Mounties were forced to give up the arrests. [177]
Red Crow was so happy the Crees had lost some of his horses, he let each man keep the one he had brought home.

MANY MULES

Many Mules was another member of the group 793
that went on some of the final war parties and lived well into this century to tell about it. He
belonged to the Fish Eaters band. In 1910 Many [595]
Mules was still living with his two wives, Medicine Strikes and Crow Woman. Among the [778]
Medicines he owned was the famous Never-Sits-
Down Shield, which he got from the South Pie- [425]
gan chief, Curly Bear. The writer Apikunni re- 114
corded the following stories that Many Mules told him in the 1920s.

I went on many war trails and counted coups 721
on two Crees, two Kalispells, one Assiniboine, 793
and one Crow, all of whom I killed. I also captured a woman from the River People on the west side of the Rocky Mountains.

I once had a very narrow escape from the 726
Crows. We were a very small party, only five of 793
us. From the big camp of our People, then on Bow River, we went south to raid the Crows. After traveling many nights, we at last found a Crow camp. It was on Bighorn River, a little way up it from its junction with Elk River [the Yellowstone]. *Night Light was showing all of herself; we could see almost as well as though it were daytime. We went into camp to take the good buffalo horses and war horses that were tied close to the lodges of their owners. I got four of them out without arousing the sleeping people. A little way from the camp circle, I mounted one of them, leading the others down the valley to meet my companions.*

Ha! I had gone but a little way when I came

[p.276-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

793
302
142

Many Mules. His Medicine Power is tied to his head. (Glacier Studio) [778] [301]

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almost face to face with six riders. One of them spoke to me. He was a Crow. No doubt he said, "Who are you?" For answer, I aimed my rifle at him and pulled the trigger, but there was only the click of the hammer. The cap was a bad one. At that, I let go of the ropes of the three horses I was leading and rode as fast as possible for the timber bordering the river, the six Crows following, shooting at me. At the edge of a big patch of willows, I sprang from the horse and ran into the willows. My enemies surrounded it, firing into it, yelling loudly, and so awakened the People in the big camp. Many of them came running, eager to fight. I thought that they would soon have my 793 726

[p. 276-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

scalp. I prayed to the Above Ones, to my sacred 793
helper, to help me in some way to survive. 726

Ha! Before the men from the camp arrived, [782]
one of the six set fire to the willow patch. It was in the time of falling leaves; the grass in the willows was brown and dry; many of the willows were dead and dry. The fire burned fiercely. I prayed still harder for help and got it. A very strong wind suddenly sprang up, blowing across the valley toward the river, and causing the fire to make a very thick, black smoke. I went with the smoke, as noiselessly as possible, but choking, eyes smarting so that I was almost blinded. But I kept on, and, without being seen by any of the enemy, stumbled down a steep bank and into the river, which was not deep. Still concealed in the black smoke, I crossed to the other side, and went down the valley, keeping in the timber and brush as much as possible, until at last I was safe. I kept going, crossed Elk River before daylight, and remained in a grove until night, when I went on again. I saw nothing of my companions as I traveled night after night until I arrived at Fort
Benton. The Piegans were encamped there, and [431]
one, a close friend, gave me a horse, and I rode back to Bow River and my People.

A PRAIRIE ENCOUNTER ON THE WARPATH

Many Mules, Heavy Shield, Running Sun, Run- 726
ning Calf, and Gambler left together on a warpath to raid the Crees. They headed east and encountered a small war party of three men. The Bloods were not sure if the others were Crees or North Blackfeet, since they were all dressed in the common striped blanket coats. Many Mules told the others to dismount and aim their rifles, while he would ride over to find out who they were.

He approached the trio with his hand in the air and spoke to them in Blackfoot. They said nothing. He spoke the Cree words for a greeting,
and was given a reply. Dropping his hand, he thus [201]

[p.277-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

over the place where the sickness was in a person. 755
Sometimes he left them there for a long time; other times he burned them with the end of a glowing stick, right down to the skin. He once 756
cured a half-dead (paralyzed) Chinese man in this fashion. After Tough Bread's death, nobody knew how to carry on his unique curing methods. He had offered to teach Mokakin and to give him all his doctoring things, but Mokakin was scared because he hadn't yet had any dreams that gave him the Power to doctor. Tough Bread was also a [793] ●
leader of Medicine ceremonies.

STRIPED WOLF MEETS A FORMER ENEMY

As a young man, Striped Wolf took part in a few 721
of the last horse raids against enemy tribes. It is said that his name came from a wolf that was [553]
seen on a hillside "striped" with many buffalo trails. His brother was Dog Child.

Striped Wolf went on a raid toward Looks-like-a-Belly. On the way, he met a Gros Ventre coming toward the Blood camps for the same purpose. Both were at the head of their parties, and when they saw each other, they fired simultaneously. Both men went down, each thinking he had shot the other. Actually, they both took off and hid.

Later, Striped Wolf told the others about the man he shot and they all went to find the body. They looked all over but couldn't find it. The Gros Ventre did the same thing, but his party could find no trace either.

Many years later, there was a dance they 721
both attended. Both Striped Wolf and the Gros 608
Ventre still remembered the time and place they shot at each other. Somehow they found out about each other at that dance. They took each other for brothers and talked about what happened. It turned out that one of them had been shot through the legging flap and the other

[p.279-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

told him to take back his wife and keep his 727
horses. He offered to give him any other goods 789
that he wished to have. Yellow Painted Lodge [533]
sang another song and the spider dropped his
burden and hurried back to the bunch of grass.
He covered up the spider and blew on it, and
again it looked like a spider-shaped piece of rawhide. He put it back in its buckskin cover and tied
it on to his braid. The little figure of the man lay
crumpled up where the spider had dropped it.

Yellow-Painted Lodge then told the Cree, "I 727
didn't come here for anything else but my wife. If
you will just give me a meal, we will be on our
way home. I want you to have the horses I
brought and you will be my brother. You can
come to our camp and be my guest anytime."
The Cree was happy to hear that, and he knew
that no further trouble would come once Yellow-Painted Lodge had accepted food in his tipi.

At this time old Little Bear (SikskiAki's great- 755
grandfather) had a very sickly baby. While Yel- 553
low-Painted Lodge was visiting, he was given the
baby to hold, and Little Bear asked the old man
to pray for the strength of the child. Yellow-Painted Lodge asked, "Do you want this baby to
become a man?" Little Bear told him he did.
Then he told Little Bear to make incense. He [533]
said, "I will sing my Power song. If my Power
comes alive then I will give its name to this baby
and it will grow up to be a strong man. He
brought out his rawhide spider and placed it on a
bunch of grass and began to sing. After he
breathed on his hand, the spider began to move
around, then ran across the floor to Little Bear
and his wife. They saw it. Then it went back to
Yellow-Painted Lodge, who put it away. He said, [551]
"Since my Power has come alive for your child, I
will give him the name Spider."

CROW-SPREADS-HIS-WINGS

At the time of his death, during the winter of 793 ●
1953, Crow-Spreads-His-Wings was about ninety 756
years old and the last man among the Bloods to [595]

[p. 284-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

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Crow-Spreads-His-Wings at Fort MacLeod in 1947.

have two wives, both of whom outlived him. 793

Crow-Spreads-His-Wings was the son of Wolf Old Man and the half-brother of our Old Man, the two having different mothers. His head wife was a holy woman and a very successful doctor. He, too, was a good doctor, in addition to leading Medicine Lodge ceremonies and all kinds of other holy gatherings. The family were Keepers of our Medicine Pipe Bundle many years ago.

756
[595]

[p. 284-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

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302
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White Man Running Around. He was a Beaver Man and leader of Medicine Lodge ceremonies. (Glacier Studio)

Ermine Horse, or Blackfoot Old Woman, the other head chief during the time of Crop-Eared Wolf, in 1905. (Glenbow Archives)

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[p. 318-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

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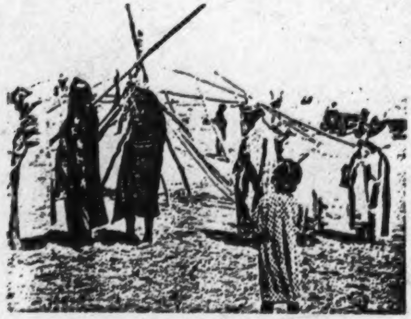

A holy party passing the Center Pole of the Motokiks on their way to the unfinished Medicine Lodge. The man in front is Day Rider, whose wife was the new holy woman of that year. She is the second lady, bending over, with the sacred White Elk Robe. The second man is Crow-Spreads-His-Wings, whose wife is at the rear. The third man is Rides-at-the-Door, who is carrying a scalp from the Natoas Bundle—it is symbolic of the People's victories in life. His wife is behind him. At this time she is the only holy woman among our People.

[778]

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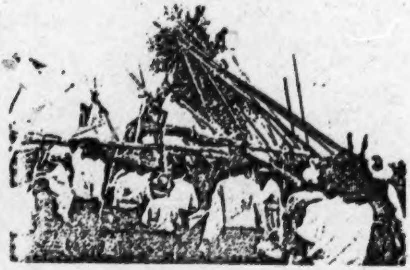

Raising the Center Pole.

[p.327-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

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A sacred Pipe about to be offered to the members of the Horns Society for smoking. The Pipe is being held by Day Rider. The Owner of the Pipe stands next to him, wearing the sacred headband. Last Gun, a South Piegan, is calling out his war exploits, while Weasel Tail stands nearby.

793 Charlie Revais, the priest, leading the procession from the holy woman's tipi. The construction in the foreground is an ordinary sweat lodge and not the 100-willow one for the Medicine Lodge people.

796
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[p.328]

to try and get their sacred Bundles back. A Medicine 829
Pipe Owner we used to think was very holy. 771
He dressed holy and acted holy. Nowadays they [177]
don't behave like the ones from the past. The
People don't find them very holy any more. . . .
But maybe things will get better again. If we start
to live a holy life again, maybe there won't be so
many deaths. In the past there were not many
sudden deaths; the People lived in a holy way
then. . . . In the Old Days the Old People often
followed both religions. They liked to go wherever
there was praying. Now not only the Indian religion
is being forgotten, the white religion is
falling the same way.

ALBERT CHIEF CALF

Two of our Old People who still attend every 887
ceremony are Mr. and Mrs. Albert Chief Calf.
The old man was born in a tipi in 1895. He is 551
known by his father's name, NinnaOnesta, or [553]
"Chief Calf"; his other name is Wrapped Up. His
wife's name is Little Nice Face. The two make a 142
distinctive couple on their daily walk through
town—he is over six feet tall and sturdy-looking;
his wife is quite short and plump. He usually 291
wears an old black cowboy hat with an eagle
plume attached; she always covers herself with a
woolen shawl.

Although NinnaOnesta has attended ceremonies 793 ●
of our Old Ways all his life, he has been
leading them for only the past few years. Last
winter he alone led more Nighttime ceremonies
than all the other leaders. He is always available
for praying and is very easy to please and willing
to please. He wears sunglasses because of his poor 151
eyesight, which allows him to overlook details and
distractions that would bother other leaders.

NinnaOnesta went on a number of raids during 721
his young days, but like most of our Old 784
People, he has said, "I can just talk about my
raids when I am confessing them during holy
ceremonies. I can't talk about them just any-

time." He went on his most notorious raid with 721
the late Henry Standing Alone. They were discovered
trying to steal horses and a gunfight followed, [784]
but no one was seriously hurt.

NinnaOnesta transferred his last Horns 778
Bundle during the Sun Dance last year. He said 575
he had had it for thirty-two years. He has also
been a member of the Horns Society five times.
"Being a Medicine Pipe Owner and belonging to
the Horns both brought me a lot of happiness.
They are both the same to me. You can see how [855]
many children and grandchildren I have around
me. They were all raised safely because we took
good care of our holy things. We raised our kids
by them."

All winter long he looks forward to the return 796
of Thunder. "I really enjoy Medicine Pipe 778
ceremonies. I wait with happiness for Thunder to
come so that I can get ready for the Pipe dances
again. I really feel good going to them." He
owned one Medicine Pipe Bundle for "many
years." He said it was "the one that crazy Black [439]
Plume kid sold to that white man that's trying to
get all our holy things away from us."

NinnaOnesta and his wife would like to see 829
the Old Ways kept up properly by the young.
"These young people that are trying to follow the
Indian Way. It is very good. There is nothing at
all wrong with it. It is very good for them." Asked
if he had any advice to offer to young people, he
replied; "If one of them will come to me for advice,
I will tell them how to live. But no one has
come to me, so far."

BOB BLACK PLUME

Apikayi, or "Skunk," is a short, little man in his 793
mid-seventies who has a smile and handshake for
anyone who passes him. Some of our People refer
to him as "the preacher," because he is involved
in all sorts of religious affairs, from Horns Society
to Full Gospel and the Catholic Church. Perhaps [291]
to suit that title, he is usually well dressed in a

[p.334-A]

dark suit and white shirt, with a clean cowboy hat 793
or a slouch cap over his pure white hair. [291]

Apikayi was the son of old Black Plume and
one of his wives, Black Horn, who had a number [144]
of white relatives. His full brothers include Dick 793
Soup. His father's grandmother was a noted doctor. 755
She used to apply a special skunk skin to the [237]
afflicted area of a patient's body. If the skin came
alive, the person would survive and she would [763]
begin to doctor. If it did not come alive, she
would know there was no hope. When Apikayi [551]
was young he was a very sickly child, so his great-grandmother
used her sacred skin to check him. [553]
It came alive, so she told his parents that he
would grow to become an adult. Later she gave
him the skin, as well as the name.[A] He used to tie [301]
it to his braids, when he still had them.

Apikayi was once a leader of our sacred ceremonies, 793
but not this past winter, due to conflicts
with some of our Old People. He has often been 558
criticized for mixing up the songs of various ceremonies, 156
and for leading ceremonies that were not
actually transferred to him. He and several relatives [425]
sold their sacred Bundles, which made him
unpopular. His active participation in various
other religions added to his unpopularity. Here is
what he says about all that:

I haven't quit going to our ceremonies for 793
good, even though the People are saying that I 558
have given up the Old Ways. That isn't true.
I once had a dream that told me I would grow 156
old by them. I was praying very hard and I left 829
my body. I went far into the Above. There was a
yellow-painted tipi there and I was invited in. [787]
The people in the tipi told me that I would live
to be a hundred by keeping up my Old Ways and
by leading all the ceremonies that I am asked to
lead. I am looking forward to seeing if my dream
will come true. I am still very healthy at my old
age.

The reason why I have quit going to ceremonies
lately is because some of the People don't

[A] [i.e., the name Apikayi, or "skunk"--Analyst]

treat me good. Some from Gleichen [North 793
Blackfoot] asked me to lead the Medicine Lodge 558
ceremony that they were going to give down here 156
last summer. I told them that I would, because 829
my relatives on both sides took part in Medicine
Lodge ceremonies in the Old Days. One time I [578]
was in a restaurant in town and Wolf Old Man
[our Old Man] came in and saw me. He came
over and asked if it was true that I was going to
lead the Okan. I told him it was. Then, right in [784]
front of everybody, he told me that I had no right
to lead that ceremony and that I didn't know
enough about it and might hurt others who were
taking part in it. But that isn't true. I know most
of the songs from it and I know what to do to
lead it. He's just mad because his brother [Crow-Spreads-His-Wings]
used to lead them and he
studied for a long time before he could do it.
I can open a Beaver Bundle, too, even though I
never had one. My father had one and my wife's
father [Tough Bread] had one and I learned the
songs from them.

The reason my songs are different from everybody [533]
else's is that I had a different Teacher. Most
of the ones who lead the Medicine Pipe ceremonies
learned their songs from Heavy Head, but
I learned them from Tough Bread. I'm the only
one still living who learned them from him, so
I'm the only one who sings them that way.

The reason why I sell my things is because I [425]
believe in the Old Ways. In the Old Days, when
the Old People were asked for something holy [778]
they always gave it, they never held back, and
I am the same way. The white men sometimes [439]
want the holy things much more than an Indian
will want it, so I let them have it to make them
happy. The Crow Beaver Bundle that I sold was
not being used any longer by the People. My
sons sold the Medicine Pipe and the Horns Society
Bundle. They didn't ask me about it before
they did it, so I am not to blame for that. I always [782]
pray for my family and for anyone that needs my
prayers. I am not stingy with them. The Creator

[p. 335-A]

hears my prayers whether I say them at a Night- 793
time ceremony or at the Catholic Church or dur- 568
ing a Full Gospel meeting. I am not shy to pray 156
any place. That is how I live. 829
[782]

MARK OLD SHOES

Mark Old Shoes, or Rusty Boy, is probably the 793
youngest and healthiest of our Old People. He is
learning to lead some of the ceremonies, mainly
our Nighttime ceremonies and Medicine Pipe
Bundle openings. He is also head Weather [535]
Dancer on the Blood Reserve, in case there is ever
another Medicine Lodge ceremony.

Mark's father was the famous warrior Morn- [551]
ing Writing, who was registered on the agency
rolls by his earlier name, Old Shoes. Morning [871]
Writing raised his children in the Old Way and
did not allow them to go to school. When Mark [177]
was twelve years old, his father died and he was
sent off to school, where they forced him to cut [302]
his braids. Since then he has always worn short
hair.

Mark has been a member of the Horns So- 575
ciety three times, once as a bachelor and twice
with his wife. The first time he joined as partner [425]
to the Owner of one of the leaders' staffs. At later
times he owned the Staff-with-a-Rattle and the
Headdress-with-an-Arrow-in-Front. As he looked 829
through the photographs of past scenes he had 178
some comments: "I find it strange how much
everything has changed. For instance, in those
days the Old People all allowed their pictures to
be taken at the Sun Dance. Now, if anyone is [784]
seen with a camera, the Horns will sure get after [575]
him."

Like many of our Old People, Mark has 829
much faith in the new Horns to help keep our
Old Ways alive. He has said, "I think that as long 575
as the new Horns really believe in what they are [182]
doing, our Old Ways will keep going. Young [178]
people didn't care much about the Old Ways,
lately, when it was just us Old People. But now a
lot of young people are thinking about trying to
join us.

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was hard for me to go back to my brother-in-law 778
and tell him that he couldn't take the ancient 432
Pipe because that white man was going to take it 829
to Edmonton." He added, "It was just as hard for [439]
me when John Red Crane asked me to drum for
him at the transfer. I didn't believe in it at all, [796]
but by the rules of our Old Ways, I couldn't [533]
refuse. He was my relative and I knew the songs.
I lost my son not long after that. Just about [784]
everyone who was at that transfer suffered some
misfortune soon afterwards, especially John."

Mark's father-in-law was old Long-Time 778
Squirrel. He died while he was still Owner of the 425
Different-People Pipe. At that time his son was [768]
not prepared to take the Pipe, so Mark's mother-in-law asked him if he would take it, since it could not stay in the home where a member of the family had died. So Mark and his wife took it to their home, and had it transferred to them during the following Sun Dance.

Mark is the Weather Dancer as the result of 535
a relative's dream. A woman named Prairie 793
Chicken Calling was visited by a holy man while 787
she was sleeping. The holy man pointed into the distance and asked, "Do you recognize that man over there?" The man was Mark, dressed as a Weather Dancer. The holy man said, "I am telling you that if that man becomes the Weather Dancer and devotes himself to his duties, he will have a long life."

The woman told Mark about her dream. She
said, "Please pity me, relative, and do as my
dream instructed." Mark spoke to the Old Man, [425]
who was then the Weather Dancer. The Old
Man agreed to transfer his rights during the next [424]
Sun Dance. Mark has been Weather Dancer at
three Sun Dance ceremonies so far. He said,
"That's the most Powerful thing that I have, [886]
now. It's my life, and I will live by it so that I can
reach old age."

[p. 336-B]

looks so clean and new. When we said yes, she 778
told us this story: One time Ponah was visiting
the Red Crows. She knew her sister was always a
good housekeeper and never liked to see dirty
things around. When the Red Crows had gotten
their Pipe, the old shawl covering it clearly
showed its many years of protecting the Bundle.
So during this visit, when Ponah noticed her sister
washing what looked like the Bundle's shawl, she
went to look at the Bundle and saw that an ordinary
blanket was covering it. "You must be [784]
crazy," she told her sister. "Do you want us all to
drown in a big thunderstorm? You're not supposed
to wash holy things like that!" Poor Mrs.
Red Crow felt very badly. She had never been
told such a thing.

Now she holds sacred duties as the Scabby 793●
Bull for the Motokiks, a position transferred to
her a few years ago by Doreen Day Rider, the
previous Scabby Bull. [425]
[424]

MRS. ROSIE DAVIS

Mrs. Rosie Davis is the oldest person on the 165
Blood Reserve.

I don't know how old I am. Nobody ever told me the exact year of my birth. People usually say that I am one hundred years old, and they are probably right. I was still a little girl when the 1877 Treaty was signed.

I was born in Fort Benton. My mother mar- 582
ried a white man named Smith, who worked on
a Missouri River steamboat out of Fort Benton.
We lived there when I was young; my father 648
would come to see us between trips. My mother's
father, Iron Pipe, took my mother and me up to
the Blood Reserve so that we would be registered
on the band rolls for the signing of the 1877
Treaty. He told my father he would try to send
us back down to Fort Benton somehow.

When the treaty was finally settled, my grand- 586
father could not find anyone to accompany us

back down to Fort Benton. It was very dangerous 586
to be alone out in that country, because of the
enemy war parties. So my mother never saw my
real father again. She then married Flying Chief, 587
who was better known as Joe Healy. He was my
stepfather.

Joe Healy had become an orphan when he 736
was very young. His parents were camped in a tipi
outside of Fort Whoop-Up, near Lethbridge. Dur-
ing the night, some enemy People from the west
side of the mountains came and shot rifles into
the tipi. They killed Joe's parents and his two
sisters. He was wounded in the thigh. Two traders 577
named Healy and Hamilton found Joe, who
was still a little kid, so they buried his family
and adopted him. He was doctored by some nuns, [871]
and later he was sent to school at Fort Shaw, in
Montana. He was about the first boy on this re-
serve to go to school. He learned English and [191]
became a scout and interpreter for the Northwest [464]
Mounted Police.

I was at the Riot Sun Dance, the one during 793 ●
which Heavy Head tortured himself. I was sitting
inside of the Medicine Lodge, near my grand-
father, Iron Pipe, who was one of the Medicine
Men. People would come up to him and bring
him a filled pipe and sometimes an offering and
he would pray for them.

As Rosie Davis grew older, she became a stu-
dent of Miss Wells, an English lady who taught a 177
number of Blood girls the ways of being house- 871
wives, British style. Her students became noted
housekeepers and influential wives of men on the
Blood Reserve. Even at her old age, Rosie Davis
speaks very clearly, in a British accent, and uses
very good grammar.

Rosie married Charlie Davis, also the child of 144
a white father and a Blood mother. His father was
the first government-appointed official for the
Northwest Territories. His uncle was the mayor
of nearby Fort MacLeod for many years. Charlie [736]
was still very young when his mother passed away.

Back to Wintertime

OUR NIGHTTIME CEREMONIES

It is late winter now, not long before Thunder 796
returns and the season of outdoor life and holy
ceremonies begins again. But even during winter
we have come together to pray and sing our holy
songs in Nighttime ceremonies two or three times
each month.

Ach-kanotsisi—"All-Smoking-Together"—is 796
how our People announce a Nighttime ceremony.
People devoted to our Old Ways are invited to [533]
someone's house to sing the songs of the sacred
articles transferred to them during their lifetime. [778]
The sponsor of the ceremony provides a leader, as [425]
well as plenty of tobacco and food. In exchange,
he and his family will receive strength by hearing [782]
each participant sing sacred songs and say prayers [574]
for their benefit.

The Nighttime ceremony is commonly 796
referred to as a Big Smoke, or Sacred Smoke. During 533
the night-long ceremony, each participant
counts coups—he calls out the Medicines he has [778]
owned and sings the Medicines' songs. Usually
each person sings sixteen songs recalling experiences
with Medicine Pipe Bundles, Beaver Bundles,
Horns Society, Medicine Lodges, sacred
tipis, sacred necklaces and headdresses, and other
society memberships and Bundle transferrals. The
singing of all these songs is a summary of the holy
life of our Old Ways.

According to the Old Man, who was a leader 796
773

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of these ceremonies, the All-Smoking-Together 796
began very long ago. His Teachers, men like 793 ●
Natosina and Big Wolf, told him that the first participants in these ceremonies were holy leaders of the formal summer ceremonies. They used to gather regularly during the wintertime to rehearse all the songs of their Bundles and to discuss the plans for the next Medicine Lodge ceremony. The Nighttime ceremonies developed from these gatherings and from dreams of some of those participants.

Joe Gambler told a story about a Nighttime 796
ceremony to the Provincial Museum:

Big Smoke: People will make a vow to it. [782]
They think it is holy. A person that is going to die will say, "I will put up a Big Smoke so that I may survive," and he will not be sick very long and he will get better.

A person who had many Sacred Bundles will [778]
participate. A person who never had many Bundles will not participate, except the two orderlies, who give out the pipes for smoking, burn the incense, make the fire and serve the food, and the orderly who cuts the tobacco and gives out the
smokes. These three don't sing, the rest will all [593]
sing.

There are lots of People who will officiate, [793]
such as Wrapped Up [Albert Chief Calf], Brown [Brown Chief Calf], Wolf Old Man [our Old

[p.345-B]

Man], and Skunk [Bob Black Plume]. Those four 796
people are the shamans of the Big Smoke. When [793]
people make vows they will say to the one who
will officiate, "Pray for my child so that he or she [782]
may get better. I will treat you very good."

To make the incense altar, a part of the [778]
ground will be scraped clean and Earth will be
added on top, and at one end a pillow-shaped [237]
thing will be placed and a piece of manure will
be laid on it. The little pipe is laid on this piece [276]
of manure, and there is another large piece of
manure on which some pipes are laid. The pipes
are given to the singers who will pray with them
and then they will sing.

The ceremonialist [leader] will select who will sing and how many songs they will sing.

Big Smokes are held at my house. Big Smokes can be held in any place where people can sit conveniently, as long as there is a stove in the house, as we use the hot charcoals for burning the incense.

The one that made the vow and prepared the [782]
Berry Soup will sit with the ceremonialist. The
one that made the vow will take his shirt off and [302]
he will be painted on the face and body with the
paint. He will take the pipe that is to be handed
out first and he will offer it to the ceremonialist.
The one that made the vow will give a smoke to
the ceremonialist and the ceremonialist will pray
for him in return for the pipe.

The one that prepared the Berry Soup will not sing. He will just sit at the back. He will be called the Holy Sitter.

After the ceremonialist finishes his facial 796
paintings he will take the rattles and rattle them 533
four times and then give one to each of the four
singers. The first man will then start. He will [782]
pray, he will not sing. When he gets through [534]
praying, he will sing. He will say, "I made an
offering at such a place," and he will give four
accounts.

The four men will sing about their most important sacred Bundle. They will sing of a *son took it—he never got off his horse—and he faced toward Sun and he started to pray. He prayed just like an old holy man: "HiYo Sun—HiYo Moon! Help me, save my pigs. The one that is killing them has no pity, so I give you this offering. Please make them stop killing my pigs. . . ." My brother said he prayed really hard, and for a long time. When he finished he told my brother, "I give this to the Sun. Climb that tree and put it up there. They're not going to kill my pigs anymore!" When my brother finished he went home and told his wife and they were both really amazed at how Long-Faced Crow believed in the Indian Way.* 789

The next day Wilson went out and counted his pigs; then he went over to my brother and he said, "The Sun heard me. I gave him something good and he helped me." After that, my brother said that nothing killed his pigs anymore.

NIGHTTIME CEREMONY ON THE PRAIRIE

"Oki, Napi, we will make a holy soup for you. 755
We have come to ask that you pray for our grand- 782
mother, AnadaAki, while she is ill."

"Ah," answered the Old Man. "Yes, I will pray for her, and when she gets well, you will make the soup for me."

Thus we announced our vow to the Old [164]
Man, early one winter, after Grandma AnadaAki had suffered a heart attack. We asked him to use his influence with the spiritual powers by praying and by agreeing to lead a Nighttime ceremony, to give strength to Grandma in her effort to recover.

Some time passed after we made the vow. It 796
was late in the winter season. Grandma had been well for some time, but we waited for favorable
conditions before holding the ceremony. By then, [793]
because of his old age, the Old Man attended few of the Nighttime ceremonies and he hardly ever led them. Although he assured us that he was able and willing to lead this ceremony for us, we

of a willow stick. He then blew offerings of smoke 796
to the Spirits who dwell in the Above, in the 788
Below, and on Earth. Everyone was very quiet,
for the Old Man was symbolically smoking with 276
the Powers of the Universe. He blew smoke in
various directions until all the tobacco in the bowl
had been smoked.

The main part of the ceremony was now 796
ready to be started. Incense was made, and the 788
Old Man held four rattles over the sweet smoke.
He shook the rattles, to prepare the Spirits for 533
singing, then passed them to the man who was [534]
farthest to the right. The others sang a song while
he prayed and told about one offering. In the
same way, each of the four men sang four rounds
of the song and called out four offerings.

The four men prayed for the other partici- [782]
pants, calling each one by name, and their fam-
ilies. As each one heard his name, he placed his [201]
hands on his chest, signifying that he was taking
the prayers to his heart.

When each man finished praying, he sang his 796
first four songs, representing the most Powerful 793
Medicines transferred to him during his lifetime. 778
Atsitsina and I were the only participants who 533
had not belonged to the Horns; our first songs
were for our Medicine Pipe Bundles. Medicine
Pipe Owners were allowed to sing four songs for
the Bundle they were keeping. Beaver Bundle
Owners could sing as many songs as they wished
for their Bundle. All others were allowed to sing
only one song for each sacred thing that had been
transferred to them, even if that object had a
great many songs.

As a current Medicine Pipe Owner, a special 796
ceremony was held at my turn to sing for the first 793
round. A blanket was spread to the left of the 783
altar. The Old Man sat to my left on the blanket. 533
A coal was deposited at the rear of the altar and I
held a pinch of sweet pine needles over the hot
coal, the Old Man's hand on top of mine. He
began with a prayer, then sang four Medicine
Pipe songs, slowly lowering my hand with the in-

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[Nighttime Ceremony, Ca. 1972]

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Singing the Medicine Pipe Songs: Makwi Api and me.

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cense during the beginning of the first one. We 796
took the sacred smoke and symbolically purified 793
ourselves with it, while we sang of the holy 783
Bundle that had given its Spirit to both of our 533
lives.

After everyone had sung his first four songs, we took another break. The first of four rounds was over.

The second round of songs began with the 796
rattles over the incense like the first round. Most 793
sang songs during this round for Medicine Pipe 793
Bundles. One song was sung for the Bundle itself, 778
another for the necklace or some such sacred arti- 533
cle. After each man had sung his four songs, he told which sacred article they were for, who gave him that article, and whom it was finally given to. Some singers ended their round by saying that their holy object had been given to the white man by so-and-so, and it was now on display at such-and-such a place.

Those who have sold our major Bundles, and 000

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Epilogue

101 Time has passed since the Sun Dance Encampment of 1972, when I sat and wrote down the stories that make up this book. The Sun Dance Encampment for 1976 will soon be set up on the Belly Buttes.

793 [763] The Old Man is gone now. Last spring, when he opened our Medicine Pipe Bundle, he said: "This will be the last time that I open a Medicine Pipe. . . . Next year someone else will have to do it for you." During last summer's encampment he came only for a brief visit. He sat with us, among the crowd of spectators, as the Horns Society gave their public dance. The leader of the society brought his swan-skin-covered staff and asked the Old Man to call out the four required coups and to give his blessings. For the last time the Old Man held the Powerful staff that once was his. It was his last ceremonial appearance.

793 553 [787] The summer before that, the Old Man had given a special name to our new son. "Heard Again," the Old Man called him. During the naming he said: "When the Spirit came to give me Power I didn't hear him right the first time, but I heard him very well when he came again." To celebrate his being born during the Sun Dance Encampment, we gave our boy the official first name of Okan.

Last fall, while the Old Man was making his final efforts to remain on this Earth, another son was born to us. To honor the Old Man's spiritual ties with sacred stones, Iniskims, we gave this boy

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the official first name of Iniskim. Sometime later 793
our old uncle said: "This boy has a legal name, 553
but he has not yet been given a name in the Old Way. Myself, I am no longer using my young-man-name. Since you two are carrying the names of my father and mother, I give this little boy my own name. He will grow old like me, known as Atsitsina."

Each of our children will be able to call on 793
the Old Man's Spirits with Iniskims—his were [768]
passed on to us, still sitting up in his old altar, where he put them. The rest of his holy things [764]
were placed in the grave with him. An old metal suitcase held his doctoring articles. A cloth bag contained his old, rawhide-covered drum. On top of the suitcase lay his two painted and carved canes. Thus his body went on its final journey.

The Old Man's passing caused someone to 793
look up his official birthdate on the records. It 165
turned out that he was older than he had thought —his birth was recorded for the year 1877. He was the oldest man among all the Blackfoot People when he died. The next oldest was Guy Wolf Child, who passed away not long after.

A few months before the Old Man's passing, 165
we had lost another one of our ceremonial leaders —old John Many Chiefs, or White Horns. His death came about the same time as that of Mrs. Mountain Horse, the lady who prepared medicinal herbs. Shortly after that came the death of White Horns' eldest son—Ray Many Chiefs, who

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 362-B]

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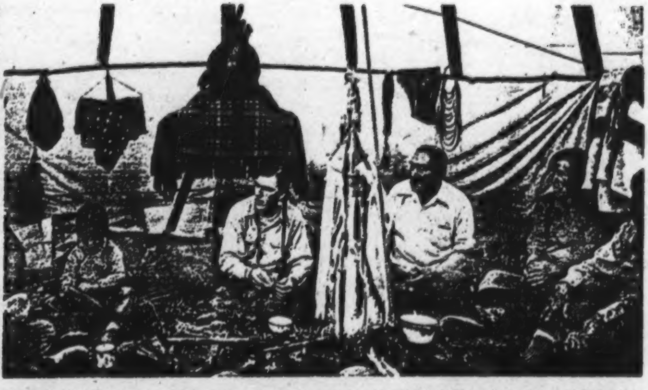

A sacred gathering during the 1975 Sun Dance Encampment. At the right sits Laurie Plume, better known as Emonisi, or Otter. As a child he owned a sacred buckskin shirt decorated with weasel tails. Here he transferred the songs and rights accompanying this shirt to young Wolf Child. Next to him sits Many Grey Horses, the Owner of the Long-Time Pipe, and next to me is 85-year-old Tom Morning Owl. His mother was old SikskiAki, so he was Atsitsina's half brother. He also held sacred rights for a weasel shirt, which he transferred to me at this ceremony. The shirt is hanging between us. Atsitsina and Apikayi (Bob Black Plume) were the singers for the occasion. They used two drums from the Long-Time Pipe. With their passing the following winter, Laurie Plume became the last of the Blood elders able to lead the Medicine Pipe ceremonies.

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first the sun pole and then the rafters, with as much speed as possible. The 782
medicine woman then returns to her tipi and the father with his male companions goes into a sweathouse.

Sixth Day. In the morning, a booth is erected in the dancing lodge for the medicinemen, or weather dancers. Later in the day, they approach, with processions made up of their respective bands, and take their places in the booth. At various times during the day, they dance to the sun. People also come up to be painted and prayed for. As a rule, the medicine-pipes are brought out for these men to bless and smoke. During the after- [535]
noon, the "digging dance" occurs, when the fireplace is made and the fire [354]
kindled.

Seventh Day. People still come to be painted or prayed for by the medicinemen. Later in the day, the dancing of the societies begins. [535]

Eighth Day. The dancing may continue on this day; otherwise, camp [535]
is broken and the bands go their several ways. The dancing may continue several days, there being no definite time for closing the ceremony. Indeed, to the Blackfoot mind, the really vital part of the ceremony closes on the evening of the fifth day. The dancing of the societies is free to take its course as the various organizations see fit. In former times, however, it was customary to break camp any time between the seventh and tenth days.

According to our information, the four camps of the medicine woman 796
was the rule in olden times and a hundred-willow sweathouse was made at 178
each camp. In recent times, but two moves seem to have been made; the first day marking the move from the regular home camp to the temporary one where the second day is also spent. But one of the hundred-willow sweathouses is now made — the one on the third day. Also, where formerly [343]
they used the ordinary type of sweathouse, at the close of the fourth day, the men now return to the hundred-willow sweathouse. The time then was "when the service berries are ripe", perhaps August, instead of Fourth-of-July week, as in recent years.[1] Even the fast is much abbreviated, usually [785]
but of two days' duration.

THE VOW.

The most important functionary in the Blackfoot sun dance is a woman, 796
known among the whites as the medicine woman, and upon a clear compre- 113
hension of her functions and antecedents depends our understanding of the ceremony itself. Accordingly, we shall proceed with as complete an exposi-

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[1] See Grinnell, George Bird, *Blackfoot Lodge Tales* (New York, 1903). 264, for program. [113]

796 tion of her office as the information at hand allows. In the first place, a
793 sun dance cannot occur unless some woman qualifies for the office. On the
other hand, it was almost inconceivable that there should be a summer in
which such a qualification would not be made. This attitude of our inform-
796 ants implies that public opinion had sufficient force to call out volunteers
793 against their own wills. There was a feeling that an annual sun dance was,
626 from a religious and ethical point of view, necessary to the general welfare,
for which some individual ought to sacrifice personal comfort and property
to the extent required by custom. As we shall see later, this was no small
price to pay for a doubtful honor. This feeling was sure to express itself
in the subtle ways peculiar to Indian society, if need be, to the direct sugges-
tion of a candidate who in turn felt impelled to come forward as if prompted
entirely from within.

796 As a rule, however, the woman qualifies by a vow. Oftimes, when a
782 member of the family is dangerously ill, one of the women goes out of the
tipi and raising her eyes to the sun calls upon it that health may be restored
793 to the ailing one. In such an appeal she offers to make gifts to the sun,
usually specifying that she will sacrifice a piece of cloth, a dress, a robe, an
ax, etc., which are after a time, provided the sick one improves, hung in
trees or deposited upon a hill. Such appeals are still made with great
frequency. It is believed that unless the woman has been industrious,
truthful, and above all, true to her marriage vows, her appeal will not be
answered. Sometimes, when the woman addresses the sun she promises
to be the medicine woman at the next sun dance. She herself may be ill
and promise such a sacrifice in case she receives help. Again, she may, out
of gratitude for the satisfactory way in which her prayers have been an-
swered, announce her intention to take this step. In such a case, a formal
announcement is made to the sun. In company with a man, usually a
[756] medicineman experienced in the ceremonies, she steps out into the camp,
where they face the sun whom the man addresses, explaining that as this
woman asked for help in time of need and that inasmuch as it was granted,
she in turn promises to be the medicine woman at the first opportunity.
Some such formal announcement is made in every case where the prayers
have been answered. By this formality, the vow receives public registry.

As indicated above, the prayers are not always granted. In such cases,
the promises are not only not binding, but to proceed with the sun dance,
or to take a secondary part in it, would be to the detriment of all concerned.
[784] The fault is said to lie in the woman's life and that only the wrath of the sun
would be invoked by her participation in the ceremonies.

It may be asked if a man can make such a vow. He may and does often call upon the sun, promising gifts of property or even scalps and may promise to furnish the material support for a wife, mother, sister, or in fact any woman 796 who will come forward to perform the ceremony. Thus, a Blood chief 782 once told us that he had been very ill all winter; that he had tried all kinds 793 of doctors without relief, until he was stripped of all his property. At last, he recovered and then made a vow that with the help of his wife he would give the sun dance. This he did, but, as he expressed it, "with great difficulty because he was then poor and did not receive adequate help from his [735] relatives."

Again, it must be noted that women who do not feel equal to the responsibility 796 of the medicine woman's office, make a vow to announce publicly their 782 virginity or faithfulness to their marriage vows, as the case may be, though 793 for an unmarried woman to make such a pledge is the exception. This is 837 spoken of as "the going forward to the tongues," the full meaning of which will appear later. The manner and occasion of making this vow are in most respects similar to the preceding. At a certain stage of the sun dance proceedings, all the women who made such a promise to the sun, come forward and make their statements subject to the challenge of any man present. This bears some resemblance to the virginity tests of the Dakota, [171] but applies more particularly to married women and marital virtue than otherwise.

Naturally, the number of women making promises of this kind was much greater than for the more important ceremony. Thus, we have a custom of calling upon the sun in time of need which is an almost universal practice, a more restricted form of such appeal peculiar to women in so far that sexual morality is a necessary qualification, the more specific vow of "going forward to the tongues", and the exceptional vow to perform the medicine woman's functions at the sun dance, a fair illustration of the way in which most complex folk ceremonies are supported by a pyramid of less and less differentiated practices.

In passing, it should be noted that when the vow is made to perform 796 the medicine woman's functions, it is literally an obligation to purchase 782 a natoas bundle, or if already the owner of a bundle, to perform its ritual.[1] 793 A woman may own more than one of these bundles at a time; indeed, we 432 have heard of a woman purchasing new ones at several successive sun dances. This purchase is a fundamental feature in all bundle ceremonies to which the sun dance bundle offers no exception.

On the other hand, the vow means more than the mere purchase of a bundle. We are told that the requirement as to virtue holds strictly for the [837] vow and the tongue ceremony. A woman can buy a natoas in the ordinary

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[1] This series, volume 7, 215.

796 sense and have it transferred with the ritual even though she has not been
782 true to her husband. We are reminded that Scabby-round-robe's wife[1]
793 was not true to her former husband and that when her husband received a
432 beaver bundle there went with it a natoas and accessories; but that while
837 she could use them by virtue of her relation to a beaver bundle, she was not
competent to make a vow and initiate a sun dance.[2] This is consistent with the tradition that the natoas was once bought from a beaver bundle by a woman who gave the sun dance for that year and used instead of a wreath of juniper as in former ceremonies. It also throws some light on the relation of the natoas to the beaver and the sun dance rituals.

CEREMONY OF THE TONGUES.

796 While it is obvious from the preceding, that the medicine woman takes
782 her vow at no fixed period in the year, the order of procedure is such that as
793 a rule, she must have taken her vow not later than the spring of the year in
which the sun dance occurs. There is no absolute prohibition to qualifying at a later time, as is often the case at present when the consent of the Indian Agent must be obtained before the ceremony is permitted, but the normal order seems to be as just stated. Any way, in the spring, the medicine woman calls upon her relatives for buffalo tongues (in recent years, those of cattle). These are then saved as requested. In passing, it may be noted
[602] that in all ceremonies, the persons upon whom the burden of responsibility
falls have not only an inherent right to call upon their blood relatives, but these in turn are under obligations to respond. The number of tongues required is uncertain, some informants claiming that there should be an even hundred, others, that four to five full parfleches was the standard.
[252] Naturally, in recent years, the number has been much less. These tongues
[251] are to be sliced, parboiled, and dried like meat. The slices, however,
must be perfect, without holes, and come from the interior of the tongue.

The slicing of these tongues appears to have been the first ceremony of the cycle. It is conducted by a man, usually the father, who formally announced the woman's vow and who conducts all the ceremonies in which

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[1] This series, vol. 2, 83.

[2] For example, we were told that some few years ago the widow of Spotted-eagle took the part of the medicine woman and borrowed a natoas from the mother of Curly-bear. Recently (1911), the latter died. Then the former claimed the natoas on the grounds that she had paid full value for it at the time and that she had now the most right to it. Curly-bear consented. Then, after an interval, this woman transferred it to the wife of —— who made no vow to give the sun dance, for it was generally known that the reputation of the new owner permanently disqualified her for the function of medicine woman.

the medicine woman takes part. There is no stipulation that the same man 796
must direct all parts of the ceremony, but, by custom, this office is performed 782
annually by the same man so long as he is physically capable. To this 793
ceremony are called the medicine woman, the women who have promised to
"go forward to take the tongues", and sometimes those having previously
performed these functions.

The manner of formally registering the vow and of collecting the tongues is stated as follows:—

Now the woman who made the vow calls on a man and woman who
have been through the medicine lodge ceremony to announce it. The man [302]
and woman come to her tipi and paint her clothes and face and those of [782]
the relative for whom the vow was made with red paint. Prayers are
offered for them and a few songs sung. After this, the four stand in front [533)
of the tipi and the man announces the vow. He says, "Sun, she is going
to make a sun lodge for you. I think you and those who are above can
hear what is said." Then they move in turn to the south, west, and north
side of the tipi, repeating the same words at each stop and finally enter
the tipi.

In the spring of the year, when the people run buffalo, the woman has 796
her tipi a little towards the front or center. It may be that she is only [793)
with one of the bands, while the rest are camped elsewhere. Her tipi
stands alone a little to the west of the others. The people are then notified
that the tongues are to be given to the woman. Her husband mounts
his horse and sets out, taking a pipe and tobacco, but no weapons with him.
When he finds a man butchering, he sits down on a robe, fills his pipe, prays
for those present, and smokes with them. The butcher cuts out the tongue, [824]
wipes it off with sagegrass, and places it near the man, who has spread some [237)
buffalo dung with sagegrass on top of it in a row before him. The tongues
are placed on the sage and dung. The man then takes the tongues and rides
to where the next man is butchering and goes through the same procedure.
After he has gathered up all the tongues he takes them home. Each time
buffalo are killed the man rides out to gather in tongues until he has accumulated a hundred.

The tongues having been collected, an important ceremony follows with 796
their boiling and slicing. An experienced man and woman are invited to 782
direct; these are spoken of as the father and the mother. Also, all the 252
women having made a vow "to go forward to the tongues" are invited.
In addition, a number of women and men familiar with the ceremonies are
called. The woman making the vow (the daughter) and her husband (the
son) sit at the back of the fire; next to the former, sits the mother and then
the other women; next to the latter, sits the father and then the men in order.

796 pray for themselves and their relatives after which they distribute dried [782] tongue among them. Finally, there is a general distribution of tongues among the people.

796 837 783 However, there is another aspect of their appearance at this point. The Blackfoot assume that many women have at one or more periods of their lives been invited by a man to commit the offence and that often the occasion is one of great temptation or calls for great presence of mind and will power. Now, when addressing the sun, if so approached, the woman narrates the circumstances, naming the men committing the offence, and recounts the manner of her refusal. In naming the offender, they usually say, "I suppose he hears what I say." These women are also subject to challenge of their having committed adultery. It will be seen from this that the part they take in the ceremony is an ordeal for which most women have little liking and one which they will not undertake lightly. The Blackfoot, themselves, regard it as one of the most solemn occasions in the ceremony. So far as we could learn, no one now living was ever present when one of these women was challenged, but the naming of men who were guilty of improper advances was not unusual.

796 793 A retrospect of the concept of the tongues indicates that the entire ceremony, or their association with the medicine woman and those who are sexually pure, gives them a potency that may be acquired by eating. They seem most closely associated with sexual purity since they are less primary in the function of the medicine woman than in case of those who "go forward," the former being required to possess many virtues, the latter [785] but one. While the medicine woman fasts and keeps to her tipi, the others do not.

THE MEDICINE WOMAN.

We shall now give our attention to the medicine woman. As previously stated, she is in most respects the central figure in the whole ceremony, around whom centers its more serious and solemn aspects. On the fifth day, an elaborate ritual is demonstrated in her tipi, culminating in the [778] procession to the dancing lodge. To this ritual belongs a medicine bundle with accessories, known as the natoas, though the name is primarily that of the headdress which the bundle contains. This bundle is transferred in [432] the ritualistic way to the medicine woman by the ceremony and thus becomes hers to care for and guard until used again at another sun dance ceremony. The ritual and the bundle have been discussed in detail in Volume 7 of this [292] series. In addition to the contents of the bundle, there must be a special [301] robe of elkskin, a dress of the same material, and wristlets of strong elk teeth.

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teeth. A new travois must be provided for moving the medicine woman 793
outfit. Sometimes she herself rides on it. This travois is made by the [493]
past medicine woman, her attendant in the ceremonies.

As previously stated, the natoas ritual in the sun dance has for its 796
mythical basis the Elk-woman and the Woman-who-married-a-star, though 793
Scar-face, Cuts-wood, Otter-woman, and Scabby-round-robe are said to have made minor contributions. Versions of these myths may be consulted in Volume 2, part 1 of this series. The Woman-who-married-a-star is credited with bringing down the digging-stick and the turnip, together with the songs pertaining thereto (p. 61), also a wreath of juniper formerly worn in place of the natoas and the eagle feather worn by the man.

It is also interesting to note that the Crane-woman who transfers the 796
ritualistic attributes of these objects makes a formal declaration of her 793
marital virtue. In the case of Elk-woman, we have again the incident 778
of the Crane and the digging-stick where it is implied that the latter symbolizes the bill of the former. We are informed that many animals were present at this transfer, each contributing something to the regalia. We also find it suggested that the bunches of feathers on the natoas represent the horns of the elk, the elk robe and elk teeth wristlets further symbolizing that animal. In one version of this myth is the antagonistic implication that Elk-woman was not quite up to the standard of marital virtue. In the Cuts-wood myth the "going forward to the tongues" is accounted for. Scabby-round-robe is credited with adding the necklace and the arrow point to the natoas and Otter-woman with the wild cat-tail.

The following statement of an informant has a bearing upon this point:— [539]

> The natoas is said to have come from the Elk. It was first owned by beaver bundle men, but it was the custom for the medicine woman in the sun dance to borrow it for her ceremony. This continued for a time, but ultimately the medicine woman bought it and kept it in a bundle of her own. The feathers on the front of the natoas are said to represent the horns of Elk and the plumes at the sides, the leafy top of the large turnip. This is the same turnip which the woman who went to the sky land is supposed to have dug up. The digging-stick which accompanies the natoas also represents the stick with which she did this digging. Some of the songs in the natoas ritual speak of little children running about and this refers to the ball-like image on the front of the natoas, for this image is stuffed with tobacco seeds, which, as you know, are often spoken of as children, or dwarfs (p. 201). The broad band upon which the natoas is mounted is said to represent the lizard. All these things, it is said, were added to the natoas, one at a time, by some of the beaver men. So it came about that we have the natoas as it is.
>
> Now, as to the story about the Elk giving the Natoas the robe and the wristlets used with it. The objection is sometimes made that this first woman who ran away from her husband to join the Elk was not a true woman and that the facts are therefore inconsistent with the ideal of the natoas ritual. Yet, some of our people claim

796 773 778 [539] that the woman was true and that though she went away with the Elk it was merely for the sake of receiving the ritual and that this is evident because in the story it tells how she was able to hook down trees by her magical powers and it is not conceivable that she could do this if she had not been a true woman.

796 778 793 [785] The ceremonial transfer of the sun dance bundle really begins with the fasting of the medicine woman on the first day. Neither she nor her husband are supposed to eat or drink while the sun is visible, and then but sparingly. On the evening before, they are put to bed by the father and mother. The mother places the daughter on the south side of the fire and the father the son on the north side. They must remain in the same position until morning. Before the sun rises the father and mother go to the medicine woman's tipi, stand by the door and sing. They sing as they formally enter, the father raising up the son; the mother, the daughter. The man is taken out by the father and the daughter by the mother for the morning toilet. When they return a small amount of food is fed to the son and daughter, after which the father and mother take a little food and drink. This must be before sunrise. During the day the son and especially the daughter must sit quietly in their places with bowed heads and eyes cast down. [292] [362] She wears a buffalo robe, hair side in, painted red, covering her head as well as her body. Her hair is not braided, but hangs down freely except for a horizontal band around the head. The hair may be allowed to conceal the entire face.

796 The daughter must do nothing for herself. If she wishes to speak it must be in almost a whisper in the ear of the mother or other attendant, who in turn will announce the import, if necessary. A fire is kept burning in the middle of the tipi, the ears are closely drawn around the smoke hole, the door closed, and the tipi cover securely staked down at the edges. [237] Though this keeps the temperature high, the medicine woman cannot use a fan, but may use the skin of a muskrat to wipe the perspiration from her face and hands.

796 785 784 During the fasting period no noise must be made in the tipi. All the attendants must avoid unnecessary conversation and speak in a very subdued tone; utensils must not be rattled or struck together. Visitors may enter, but respectfully and quietly. No noises should be made in the vicinity of the medicine tipi and boisterous acts abstained from in all parts of the camp circle. If water is brought in the vessel must be covered. No one should spit in the tipi nor do the other things forbidden at the ceremony of the tongues.

796 [372] [784] Throughout the whole period there is a male attendant. He keeps the fire alive during the night and until camp is moved. He can only start the fire with an ember from some other tipi, striking fire in the tipi being strictly prohibited.

prohibited. Pipes can only be lighted from the fire by this attendant with 796
service berry sticks. A blaze must be avoided as much as possible. The [296]
attendant cuts the tobacco and fills the pipe and when burnt out he must empty the ashes into a small hole in the ground near his seat. Everyone is expected to sit quietly, leaving the moving to him. He remains on duty during the night also.

Formerly, the tipi of the medicine woman was moved three times, four 796
different camps resulting, the last being at its position in the circle for 793
the sun dance. As a considerable journey was often necessary to reach the [484]
sun dance site these camps might be far apart. Theoretically, the camp is pitched late in the afternoon of each day. At the sun dance a special sweathouse ceremony takes place. This will be discussed later. After this the evening and greater part of the night are spent by those in attendance at the medicine woman's tipi in rehearsing the songs and instructing the son and daughter.

Like everything else, moving the camp of the medicine woman is a 796
formal matter. The travois is made, painted red, and reserved for the 793
special use of the medicine woman. When the time for breaking camp in the 484
medicine woman's band arrives, she and her husband are led out and seated [493]
upon a robe at the west or rear of their tipi, facing in the direction to move. The parfleche of tongues and other paraphernalia are brought out by the attending women and put down beside the couple. The mother directs the attending women in taking down the tipi and hitching the horse to the travois. The parfleche of tongues is packed on the travois. When all is ready, the woman and man are led to their horses and assisted to mount, the woman riding the horse to the travois. The father and the son go ahead in single file, next the mother and the daughter, or medicine woman. They pause four times, as songs are sung. After they get some distance out, they stop and wait for the camp, now moving for the first time. This procession of four always leads, the two men side by side and behind them the two women likewise. At noon, when they stop for lunch, the two are again seated on a robe, the travois unhooked and laid down before them. Then follows the camp some distance behind. The old men form a circle and smoke near the pair.

At this time the father orders one of the men's societies to go forward [575]
and mark out a camp site. When this spot is reached, tipis are pitched and when everything is in place the medicine woman and her husband are taken inside.

On the morning of each day a society is given instructions to make the 796
sweathouse at the camping place, a man to get the creeping juniper and 575
another to cut out the smudge place. As the sweathouse procedure is a 343
distinct ceremony, it will be treated under another head.

796 533 539 stuffed with tobacco seed. The song for the doll on the bonnet is: "Children are running about. They are running from us. They are running towards us. They are boys. They are powerful." The man says, "Give me the child," and makes the movement of reception. Another song is sung: "Child is crying," and the man imitates the crying of a child. The song for the little birds is: "Bird says water is my medicine; it is powerful," for the calf tail: "Man says calf tail I want," and for the arrow point: "Sharp points are on both sides." Then follows the song for the leather band which represents the lizard: "Yonder man, I am angry and mad at you." This song of the lizard refers to the prairie dog chief. The blue paint on the band represents water and the song for it is: "The blue waters are our medicine." The song for the feathers is: "Feathers I want." Another song for the plume on the feathers: "Red I want." This closes the evening ceremony. The man and woman are put to bed and all go home.

796 539 343 [484] This is the ceremony after the first sweathouse is made. Three more moves of the entire camp and three more sweathouses must be made. The fourth move and sweathouse is where the sun dance takes place. Nowadays, only one sweathouse is made for the sun dance.

796 It seems that the final camp is marked out by a society laying rocks around its bounds, according to which the arriving bands find their proper places.

796 778 At the fourth camp and on the fourth day, the natoas bundle is opened, or its formal ritual demonstrated. Early in the day another tipi is pitched before the medicine tipi and the covers are joined, thus enlarging the space and providing for a few spectators. A few men and women are invited to assist in the ceremony: the men use the rattles and with the women aid in the singing. The father and other men sit on the north side [793] of the tipi, the former next the medicine woman's husband; and the other women sit on the south side, the mother next to the medicine woman. She directs the medicine woman and the singing of the other women. The ceremony opens at about ten A. M. with the first series of songs in the ritual. [534] Three men hold a rattle in each hand, beating them upon the rawhide by a vigorous downward forward stroke, the seventh rattle is used by the father.

796 778 432 The ritual of the natoas will be found in Volume 7, pp. 215–220. Normally, this ceremony transfers the natoas to the daughter. She may, however, waive the right, in which case the bundle returns to the former owner. Yet, she seems to enjoy all the privileges accorded to one having been an owner.

Theoretically, no one can perform a transfer ceremony without having first owned the bundle in question. In case of the natoas, even now, a beaver owner is regarded as competent to conduct the proceeding, though he may never have gone through the ritual with his wife. This is consistent with the tradition that formerly the natoas was a part of the beaver

bundle.[1] Yet, the conditions here are slightly different from those for other 796
bundles in that the father must provide or is charged with the responsi- 778
bility to see that a natoas is provided. Following the vow, either he or 432
the son makes formal application to the owner of a natoas by the usual
presentation of a pipe.[2]

When the daughter begins her fasting, the father has the natoas brought [785]
to her tipi. As a rule, the father's wife owns a natoas. Some informants [124]
claim that even should the daughter own a natoas, the father must provide
another. On the other hand, the daughter can select the eligible natoas.
In any case, the father furnishes the daughter with a dress and an elk robe
for which he must be paid liberally.[3]

In conclusion, it may be remarked that anyone can make up a natoas, if he has a dream so directing him; also, if he owned a natoas that was lost or otherwise destroyed; if he gave it away, without receiving payment; or if it was buried with someone. Having owned a natoas and transferred it, he cannot duplicate it; should the new owner lose it, he may, if called upon, replace it; likewise, if buried, the surviving husband or wife could call upon him. In all such cases fees are given. When one transfers a medicine bundle and has been paid for it, he has no more right to it and cannot duplicate it on his own motion. Should one sell the bundle without the ceremony of transfer, the ritual remains with him and he can again make up the bundle; should one make the transfer and fail to receive the pay, or waive the pay, he can make it up again. The relatives of one buried with a bundle can call upon a former owner to make it up, after which it must be formally transferred to one of them. Men were sometimes killed on the warpath and their bundles lost; such were replaced as noted above. In every case these must be true duplicates; it is only a dream that authorizes new creations, or variations, however slight.

An interesting sidelight is thrown upon the idealized qualities of this 796
woman's function by the following narrative:— 793

Once while a medicine woman was sleeping in the sacred tipi during 837
the fasting, a nephew of her husband stole in and made improper advances.

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[1] In former times, the natoas and the medicine woman's costume were owned by a [422]
beaver man. When a woman gave a sun dance she gave a horse for their use. She just [778]
borrowed them. Later on, a beaver man transferred them, whence they became a separate [426]
bundle.—Tom Kiyo.

[2] Should the woman already own a natoas and the transferrer (father) own one; the woman must say which bundle shall be used. She can use her own, borrow, or purchase of the transferrer.—Curly-bear.

[3] A Piegan informant comments as follows: The woman can either buy or borrow a [426]
natoas. In the olden times she often borrowed because the natoas, the dress, the elk teeth
wristlets, and the robe were owned by a beaver man's wife. After a time, however, these
were transferred to a medicine woman and were thus separated from the beaver bundle.

796 Being a good and true woman, like all others who give the sun dance,
793 she spurned him. Next day she told her husband the whole story. He
837 was very angry. He was not satisfied with the confession she made, but
783 suspected that she must have given the young man some encouragement.
So when all the medicinemen and women had come into the tipi to rehearse
the songs as usual, he made a statement of these suspicions and as he had
two wives, he proposed to have them change places.

[756] The medicinemen pleaded for the first wife because they believed her
innocent, but the husband was obdurate. So the second wife was called
in to take the place. Then the first wife said, "It was I who saved this
man's life when he was ill. I made the vow to give the sun dance and
he got well. I have suffered much in fasting, all for him. Now he disgraces me before all the people. But I will put my virtue to a test. If
I am true, I have already acquired power."

[782] She filled a pipe, went outside and standing now on the east side of the
tipi, then on the south, the west, and the north, she addressed the sun.
[821] The day was clear, but soon after the woman entered the tipi, thunder was
[789] heard. A storm came down with hail and blew over many tipis. But in
spite of these proofs, her husband was obdurate and the second wife went
on with the ceremony.

796 Not long after the sun dance this same man became ill again. Finally, as
755 a last resort, he called upon the first wife to save him again. This woman
593 told him to call upon the other woman as he seemed to have so much faith in
her. So he died and was properly punished for so unjustly treating his
faithful wife.

THE PROCESSION TO THE DANCING LODGE.

796 In our account of the natoas ritual we told how the father, son, etc.,
778 emerge from their tipi. The file is headed by the father, followed by the
793 son, next the mother, then the medicine woman followed by women bearing
788 the tongues. The father and the son are muffled in blankets (robes);
the latter walks with bowed head, leaning heavily on a staff and bearing
over his head a wild rhubarb stalk.[1] The medicine woman wears the natoas
on her head, an elkskin (often buckskin) dress and an elkskin robe, with
the digging-stick on her back. For a staff, she uses one of the smudge sticks.
The women in her rear bear parfleches containing the tongues, together
with blankets and other ordinary objects. Two or three old men act as

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[534]
[824] [1] Scar-face is said to have made a whistle (flageolet) of such a stalk. The pith of the
[262] growing plant is sometimes eaten for food.

conductors, or flankers, keeping the way clear of spectators, etc. The 796
procession moves slowly and by stages. The four principal personages 778
in it keep their eyes upon the ground. The course is southward past the 793
entrance (east side) to the dancing lodge, around the south side, the rear [788]
of the shelter and entering from the north side. Here the medicine woman [346
remains until the dancing lodge is raised at sunset, when she returns to her [262]
tipi and breaks her fast with berry soup. The father and the son go to a [343)
sweathouse after which their responsibilities also end. During the continuance
of the ceremonies in the sun lodge, the medicine woman cares
for the natoas bundle, now her property, until transferred to another,
but is otherwise free to do as she likes. She usually remains quietly at
home receiving guests and resting.

The part of the medicine woman is truly a sacrifice. She and her 796
husband must pay liberally everyone called upon for ceremonial service 793
directly connected with the tongues and the natoas ritual. They must
also pay a considerable amount of property for the natoas itself. To give [432)
the ceremony means the sacrifice of all personal property. On the other
hand, there is compensation, aside from fulfilling the vow. Her relatives [555)
are very proud of her since she is so virtuous. She is highly respected by
her husband and family. In a measure those who "take the tongues"
are also respected. The medicine woman may act as the mother in a future
sun dance for which she will receive presents and she may eventually
realize something by transferring the natoas to another. Should anything
go wrong during the ceremony, the weather be unfavorable, etc., people [783)
will look with suspicion upon her and say she must have lied in her confession
to the sun. Should she become ill or have deaths in the family, the same
charge will be made.

The Offerings of Cloth. After the procession headed by the father and 796
he is in position at the west side of the dancing lodge, offerings of cloth 782
and clothing are brought up by the people. A man making such an offering
hands the father a filled pipe and the cloth. The father holds the
pipe and offers prayers for the giver and lights and passes the pipe to other
old men sitting around. The cloth he lays in a pile. Then he paints the
giver: first the face is smeared over with red, then black spots are daubed [302]
on the cheeks, nose, forehead, and chin, four in all. A black circle is marked
around each wrist. Women bringing offerings and pipes go to the mother
who prays for them and paints their faces red with a black spot on the nose
and a black circle around the face. There is also a black circle around
each wrist.

THE HUNDRED-WILLOW SWEATHOUSE.

796 As stated before, a sweathouse of special form is constructed on the
343 third day. This is said to have originated with Scar-face, it being the house
into which he was taken by the sun. About the middle of the day a society
[575] is sent out for the willows. These were usually those of the younger men;
the pigeons and mosquitoes. There is a belief, however, that in former
times only warriors could be sent upon this errand. These persons are
[823] mounted and return in procession, singing and circling the medicine woman's
[784] tipi in the direction of the sun, and deposit their willows at the west side
of the camp circle. They must not drink water while on this duty.

[575] An older society is called to build the sweathouse. They must not
[784] drink water while engaged in this operation and receive some of the tongues
after the ceremonies of the fourth day. Formerly, these men must have
[555] had a coup to their credit as a qualification and some informants claim that
the sum total for the society should have totalled at least one hundred,
the number of willows. The work begins some time before sunset by which
time the sweathouse should be completed.

[824] The willows are stuck into the ground in an oval and their tops bent
over and interlocked over the top. The ends point toward the east and the
west, an opening or door being provided at each. The willows are then
painted, one side red and the other black. Next, a hole is dug in the center
of the structure for the heated stones. In the meantime, a small heap of
stones mixed with firewood has been placed some distance to the east.
[237] A buffalo skull is painted with red spots on one side and black on the other.
Sagegrass is thrust into the nose and eye-sockets. Robes are then thrown
over the willows and all is ready for the procession from the medicine
woman's tipi.

796 The procession from the medicine woman's tipi consists of the father
343 and another man experienced in ceremonial affairs, the husband, the mother
and the medicine woman. They approach slowly and by stages, passing
793 around the south side of the sweathouse to the north and then to the east or
[823] entrance. All keep their eyes on the ground. The husband walks with a
[778] heavy staff; the medicine woman carries the natoas bundle with a smudge
stick.

The men enter the sweathouse, while the two women go to the west side
and sit down facing the east. The medicine woman is on the north side with
796 the bundle before her. After the men have entered, the fire is lighted and
some of the attendants (builders of the sweathouse) lift the buffalo skull to
343 the top of the sweathouse where it faces the east. Prayers and the usual

sweathouse procedure now follow while the stones and a pail of water are passed in by an attendant. The covers are then drawn down and the vapor bath taken. 796 343

After the ceremony the procession returns to the medicine woman's tipi. The cover is removed from the sweathouse and the buffalo skull placed on top where it remains.

Should there be more than one medicine woman, another sweathouse is made on the east side of the camp circle and the others grouped around them equally. [793]

Since after the sweathouse ceremony there is formal singing in the tipi until far into the night, it may be said that during the four days of the fast the ceremonies begin with the sweathouse at sundown, while on the fifth day the ceremony begins in the morning and ends at sundown. [533]

To this generalized statement the following account from a Piegan may be added:— 796 343 539

Now, when the first sweathouse is to be made, orders are given in the morning to one of the societies to get the willows to make the hundred-willow sweathouse. Another man is to get the creeping juniper to use in the smudge place in the medicine lodge, and still another is to cut out the smudge place. The moves are short. The people all move camp, as before, and the society goes on ahead and stakes out the camping ground. When the tipis are pitched at the new camping ground, the society comes in with the willows and the rocks for the sweathouse. They circle once around to the right of the lodges and stop outside of the circle, west of the medicine lodge. They must neither eat nor drink while building the sweathouse. They gather wood from among the tipis until they have enough to heat the rocks. Robes for covering the sweathouse are borrowed from the people of the camp. One man goes to the medicine lodge and digs out the smudge place.

When the sweathouse is ready for the medicinemen, four of the men who helped in the construction go and inform the men and women. They carry the parfleche with the tongues in it on a robe, each man holding a corner. The two medicinemen take the lead, the two women follow, then come the four men with the parfleche. Four stops are made before they reach the sweathouse. The instructor leads, and is followed in single file by the other man, and the two women walking very slowly and singing. They march once around the sweathouse in the direction of the sun. The other old men who are to join them and the two medicinemen go in while the two women remain seated on a robe just west of it with the parfleche beside them. A smudge is made with sweetgrass, and a crescent-shaped place marked out between the square hole and the rear of the sweathouse and live coals are placed on the dot in front of the crescent. A song is sung while the smudge stick is taken up and a man goes after the coal for the smudge. The sweatgrass is placed on the live coal and the two songs for the smudge are sung: "Spring grass I take. Where I sit is powerful." A pipe is handed in and the pipe bowl and stem painted red. The man holds the pipe over the smudge and prays for the one who gave it to him and then passes it to the last man to his right who lights it and all smoke it. When the pipe is all burnt out, the man who blessed it, takes it, and with a red-painted stick loosens

796
793 her travois. While when the other brush was brought in there was much
shooting and shouting, there are now no demonstrations of any kind,
346 but absolute silence.

THE WEATHER DANCERS.

796 Early on the fifth day, a booth is built inside the dancing lodge opposite
346 the entrance. A slight excavation about six feet square is made over which
is erected a shelter of green cottonwood boughs, open on the side facing the
796 sun pole. Before the middle of the day, a procession of one or more men
supposed to have power over the weather, attended by drummers, proceeds
535 by stages from the medicine woman's tipi to this booth. They pause
[791] four times and dance, facing alternately the east and the west. They
[789] hold whistles of bone in their mouths, which are sounded in unison with
the dancing. The procession is of two transverse lines, the dancers, in
-[821] front, the drummers and singers behind. A great deal of dancing is done
between the entrance to the dancing lodge and the booth. At intervals
during the day they stand before the booth and dance to the east and west:
the drummers are now stationed on the south side of the booth where
women also assemble for the singing. The dancing is chiefly an up and
down movement produced by flexing the knees, the eyes are directed toward
the sun and wing-like movements of the hands are made in the same direc-
[291] tion. The dancers wear breechcloth and moccasins and usually a robe
around the waist. Their faces and bodies are painted according to their
[302] own medicines and medicine objects worn on their heads.

796 It is stated that there is but one weather dancer, but others may join
under certain conditions. In practice this seems to amount to there being
791 a director or leader in the dance, at least such was the case in 1903 and 1904.
535 In 1904 the two assistant dancers went to the medicine woman's tipi to
paint themselves and began their procession from there, while the leader
approached in a similar manner from his own tipi, the two forming one
procession before the east side of the dancing lodge was reached. The
[292] leading dancer wore a special ceremonial robe, headdress, and several
medicine objects, which have been described in Volume 7 (pp. 98–99).

These objects and their medicine functions may be regarded as esoteric
in so far as they are not absolutely essential to the office of leading dancer.
Yet, this same individual seems to have performed this function for a number
[237] of years. Clark mentions strings of feathers tied to the finger of this dancer.[1]
[301] In 1904 there were two assistant dancers. Both wore headdresses

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[113] [1] Clark, W. P., *The Indian Sign Language* (Philadelphia, 1885), 72.

SOCIETY DANCES.

575 In former times, the succeeding days were apportioned to the men's
554 societies (the ikunukats) in the order of their rank, beginning at the lowest.[1]
796 There seems to have been no fixed allotment of time to each, only the order
of succession being adhered to. The ceremonies were determined chiefly
[555] by the respective society rituals, though the recounting of deeds in war
was given great prominence. As a rule, each society closed its ceremonies
[782] by offering parts of its regalia, etc., to the sun, a custom still observed
by the Blood (See vol. 11, this series, fig. 19, p. 411). After the highest
society had completed its function, the leading men of the tribe held a
kind of a war dance in which coups were recounted. In this dance, again,
rattles were beaten upon a rawhide. The organizations or persons having
charge of the day's ceremonies must furnish the feast and all necessaries.
[793] The medicine woman and her husband usually repair to the dancing lodge
each day. The man usually takes his pipe and tobacco and furnishes the
smoking for the guests who sit around. His wife wears the buckskin dress
and elk robe, but not the natoas. They sit on the north or right side of
the booth and merely are spectators. This closes the ceremonies and camp
is broken.

785

THE TORTURE CEREMONY.

796 The torture feature, especially prominent in the ceremonies of the
304 Mandan, Hidatsa, and Dakota, was formerly given a place among the danc-
[791] ing lodge ceremonies of the Blackfoot. The information we have seems
to indicate that this ceremony had not become thoroughly adjusted to
[648] its place in this series at the time of its prohibition by the United States
and Canadian governments. The claim is made by some of the Piegan
[177] that it was borrowed from the Arapaho and was not looked upon with much
favor. As one man expressed it, "None of those taking the cutting lived
to reach old age." It was said that a few Blackfoot warriors once visited
[177] the Arapaho at the time of their sun dance where they were put through
[424] the cutting ceremony. According to the Blackfoot mode of thought, this
means that the medicine rites (and rights) were transferred to them. When
they returned, they induced others to take the cutting, to whom, of course,
the rites were transferred. Whether this historical statement is accurate
or mythical, we have no means of knowing, but we are inclined to give

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[1] This series, Vol. 11, 208–474.

Four men are called upon to assist the father and son. As the latter 796
stand upon the pole, they encircle and screen them with their blankets 346
and join the father in singing. The songs call for good luck in erecting the [533]
dancing lodge. The son does not sing. Four songs are sung. At the end
of each the father blows a whistle while someone shakes the pole. The
last time they jump off the pole. The son drops his blanket (some say the [782]
father also, some add moccasins) painted black as a sun offering. Another
blanket is handed him at once.

As soon as the men leave the pole the advancing raisers rush in, raise the center pole, put on the rafters, tie them with the rawhide strands and place brush all around to form the wind-break. This is accompanied by much shouting, but without shooting.

While the sun pole is being raised the daughter and mother stand watching it. They pray and make movements with the corners of their robes as though steering the rising pole. As it sways from side to side, they gesture as if righting it.

As soon as the pole is set, the natoas, robe, and moccasins are taken off the daughter by the mother. She may call on someone to do this and pay a gun or a horse for the service. The mother and other attendants then lead the daughter to her tipi where she resumes her ordinary routine.

The father and son go to a sweathouse where all the paint is washed [302]
off. This is not the hundred-willow sweathouse and is the fifth sweat- [343]
house, if it were counted. The two men go in and some sagegrass being
handed to the father, he takes off the feathers tied to the son's hair, the
hair necklace, and whistle. After the first opening of the sweathouse
he takes the sagegrass and wipes off the black paint on the son and hands
out through the west side of the sweathouse the necklace, whistle, and
feathers which are to be taken home. At the same time, the two women
are in the ceremonial lodge, the mother caring for the daughter.

When the men have completed the sweathouse ceremony they go to the
medicine woman's tipi. The father and his wife wrap up the natoas and [778]
place it in the badger skin. After this is done, they no longer have to [261]
eat sparingly. This ends the ceremony of the medicine woman.

Early the next day she and her husband must obtain the cotton- 796
wood brush with which the booth for the weather dancers is made. Another 793
man digs out the place in the booth, making it the same as the smudge 346
place in the medicine woman's tipi, with the sod on three sides and creeping juniper on top of it. The fireplace is dug out to the west of the center post and is made as in the medicine woman's tipi. When going for and returning the brush, the woman rides one horse and leads the one dragging

Buffalo Robes

In the daytime, save for the shouting of children at play, the great 574
camp was quiet; but with the setting of the sun it livened up. Men 517
began shouting invitations to their friends to come and feast and
smoke with them. Members of the various branches of the *Ikuni* [575]
Kahtsi (All Friends warriors society) got together to sing and dance. [533]
At once in a hundred lodges there were various social gatherings— [535]
gatherings of old men, young men, old women, young women, chiefs
and leading warriors, Sun priests. Evening always found me joining
one or another of the lodge-fire circles to listen to the talk, and so
I heard great tales of war, of hunting, and of the wondrous doings
of the gods. In greatest demand were the tellers of humorous stories; [522]
they had so many invitations to social gatherings that they were
rarely found at home. And theirs was clean humor; one never heard [831]
any obscenity in the lodges of the Blackfoot tribes.

What George Catlin had to say of the Mandans he visited in 1832 574
—that they were kindly, courteous hosts—was equally true of the
old-time Blackfeet. A man giving a feast-and-smoke stepped outside [203]
his lodge and shouted his invitations. One by one the guests came
and were seated according to their standing in the tribe. The more 554
prominent a man was—such as chief, Sun priest, warrior—the nearer
he would be placed to the host. When all were seated, the women of [262]
the lodge placed dishes of food, the choicest that they had—boiled [276]
or broiled buffalo tongues, buffalo dorsal ribs, berry pemmican,
stewed berries—before them, and the host, not eating, began cutting
finely a mixture of tobacco for the smokes. At the same time he 521
started the talk about something of general interest, or, perhaps, 574
called on a certain one to tell of some thrilling experience he had
had in hunting or at war; or, as often happened, a Sun priest would
talk about the gods or relate a powerful vision that the gods had
given him in the night. As the talk went on, all ate slowly, moderately, and in most pleasant manner, of their portions. Contrary to [261]
the general opinion of them, the Indians, anyhow the Blackfeet, were
not gorgers of great quantities of food.

When all had finished eating, the host passed the filled big-stone 276
bowl with its long stem to someone of the circle to light from the 793 ●
fire—always a Sun priest if one were present—and he, touching a coal 574

276 or burning stick to the mixture, blew a whiff of smoke to the sky,
● 793 exclaiming: "Oh, Sun! Oh, Above People! Pity us; help us." Then
574 another whiff to the ground with: "Oh, Earth Mother! Pity us; help
[576] us." With that, he leisurely drew a few whiffs of smoke from the
pipe, inhaling deeply, and from him the pipe went from hand to
hand straight to the end man of the row, then from him to be smoked
by the others in turn until it returned to the host. So was it smoked
from east to west, thus imitating the daily courses of the sun. Sun
[825] priests in the row of guests grasped the stem of the pipe with both
hands when taking, smoking, and passing it on, imitating the actions
of the bear, sacred animal, when seizing anything. No others were
privileged to do that. (Then, too, the Sun priests' special name for
the bear was *páksi kwoyi,* "sticky mouth." The common people
called the animal *kaiyo,* "lost.")

276 The pipe smoked out, the host cleaned the bowl, allowed it to cool,
574 then refilled it, and it went again the length of the row of guests.
Generally, it was filled and smoked three times in the course of an
hour or so of pleasant talk. Then at last, ostentatiously knocking the
pipe bowl upon his tobacco cutting board, the host loudly exclaimed,
"*Kyi! Itsinitsi!*" ("There! It is burned out!"). Whereat the guests
arose, filed out of the lodge, and went their several ways. What a
boon that would be to civilized hosts so at will to dismiss their guests!

281 Persistent hunting and killing of cow buffalo began in November,
[221] and the women were soon busily converting the heavily furred
[462] hides into well-tanned robes. It was arduous work. The hides were
fleshed; that is, cleaned of all adhering scraps of meat and fat, then
laced into lodgepole frames, where they dried as stiff and firm as
[412] thin boards. Then, standing upon the hide, smooth side up, the
[237] tanner, with an elkhorn-handled, steel-bladed instrument the shape
of a hoe, chipped it to about one-half its original thickness and rubbed
it with grease. When that was thoroughly soaked in, the hide was
then well smeared with a mixture of boiled liver and brains, folded
and rolled, and laid away for several days in order for the mixture
to neutralize its glue. Then came the hardest of the work: the tanner
for an hour or so at a time rubbed and seesawed the hide against upright,
stretched thongs of rawhide, until, at last, it became almost as

neck back along the length of its belly; and there was a large round 825
white spot on its flanks. The young man carefully removed its hide,
gave it to his father, old Spotted Eagle, and he told Kipp that, when
it was tanned, he should have it. At once one of the Sun priests 793 ●
(medicine men, sacred pipe men) made objection. White buffalo be- 825
longed to Sun. Accordingly, when, in the summer, the Sun's lodge [346]
would be built by the sacred-vow woman, the tanned robe would
have to be tied to its center post, presented to Him Above. To which
Spotted Eagle replied that this was not a white buffalo; it was only
white spotted, therefore not Sun's own. Sun would not want it.
Therefore Raven Quiver (Kipp) should have it.

So, on a day in April, when we were apprised that old Spotted 431
Eagle and his family were coming in with the spotted robe, as Kipp 439
directed, we hurried to pile on the floor of the trade room some
presents for him: a sack of sugar, five hundred cartridges, fifty
pounds of flour, two blankets, one Winchester carbine, five pounds
of tobacco, a gallon keg of whisky, little things for women.

Came in the old man, his son, his two wives—the old man with his robe on his arm. "As I promised you, Raven Quiver, here it is," he said, handing it to Kipp.

"Good. And there are a few presents for you all," Kipp replied, pointing to the pile of things on the floor. The old man stared at them, clapped hand to mouth in pleased surprise, exclaimed: "*Pubts ikahksaps nituka, Mastúnopachis!*" ("How generous is my friend, Raven Quiver!"). The son and the wives were equally happily surprised; they all but ran to the pile—the son to take up the carbine, the women to kneel and fondle their knicknacks. Said the old man to them: "At once wrap that keg in a blanket."

The robe was perfectly tanned, as soft as velvet; and on its flesh [532]
side the old man had painted some pictographs of enemies he had
killed, enemy horses he had stolen, and encounters with grizzly
bears. Said Kipp when we had extended and pinned it to a wall of
the trade room: "It is the only pure-white-spotted robe that I have
ever seen. And it is worth something. Anyhow a hundred dollars."

Word that we had a white-spotted buffalo robe spread all up and 000

787 And said Little Bird Woman: "Oh, brother, after your fast, join
785 Seizers; they are the best clothed, best singers and dancers of all of
575 the warrior bands."

"No, you will join the Raven Carriers, they such always-successful warriors. My father, my brother were members of it," the mother said.

785 There followed some argument between mother and son over
787 which of the medicine men (Sun priests) should be asked to pray
[778] for his safety and success in his lone and strenuous fast. The result
was that Fox Eyes brought in his horses, roped and led one of them before the lodge of Black Otter, owner of the sacred Thunder Pipe bundle, gave him the horse and said: "*Haiyu!* Oh, powerful, Sun-favored Thunder Pipe man. I am to undergo my lone fast. Help me. Pray for me!"

346 "Yes. Build a sweat lodge at once and I will join you in it," the old man answered.

Badger Woman, her daughter, and some of their women friends were already building the sweat lodge. In shape it was a semisphere, about ten feet in diameter; its frame, of willows; its covering, an old lodge-skin. In its center a small pit was dug; and lastly, in the near-by fire, some stones were set to heat.

783 Came presently Black Otter with his sacred pipe, a wooden bowl,
● 793 and a buffalo tail; and he and Fox Eyes went into the little lodge,
[778] undressed, thrust out their clothing, and naked sat. The women
passed in the red-hot rocks, and with a stick Fox Eyes rolled them
into the pit; lastly, the old man's bowl, filled with water, was passed
533 to him. He dipped the buffalo tail in it, sprinkled the rocks, and, as
782 dense steam began to fill the lodge, he sang the first one of his Thunder
Pipe songs and then fervently prayed Sun to protect Fox Eyes,
to give him success in the lone fast which he was about to endure.
[821] Followed more sprinklings of rocks; more songs; more prayers to
Sun, Night Light (the moon), the Seven Persons (constellation of
778 Ursa Major), and Thunderbird. Lastly, with the sacred pipe in hand,
776 Fox Eyes prayed the Above Ones for success in his undertaking, for
782 long life and happiness for his family, and for all of the people of his tribe.

tribe. We were a crowd of men and women sitting close around 783
the little sweat lodge, listening to it all; the prayers and songs, solemn,
fervently impressive, heart stirring, they brought tears to all eyes.
Finally the old man and Fox Eyes reached out for their blankets, and, [515]
wrapped in them, came out and with heads bowed walked slowly
to the river to bathe and dress.

On the following morning, accompanied by his mother, sister, 787
and a half-dozen men relatives for protection, Fox Eyes rode off for 785
his fasting place, and I joined a party of hunters. We were back long [793]
before sundown with the choice parts of some buffalo cows we had [533]
killed, just in time to see old Black Otter riding the round of the [782]
camp, stopping occasionally to sing a sacred song, pray, and call
upon the people to pray for the safety and success of Fox Eyes in
his lone and strenuous fast.

Three mornings later Badger Woman, Little Bird Woman, and I rode out to visit the faster. At the mouth of Crooked Creek we turned up the valley of the Missouri and then up to the foot of a cliff, where we left our horses, climbed for a time, and turned off upon a narrow shelf of the cliff; presently we came to Fox Eyes in a cavelike depression formed by the overhanging rock. Wrapped in his blanket, he was lying upon a buffalo robe, and at his side were his gun and a red-painted, empty, water bowl. "*Ha!* Here you are: mother, sister, and my good friend *Apikuni*, too," he said.

"Of course," I answered. "I shall come often to see you if I may."
We sat down beside him, and his mother emptied a bladder skin of [415]
water that she had brought into the wooden bowl; carefully he raised [237]
it, took a few slight sips of the water, said that he would like to drink
it all.

"You haven't yet had a vision?" his mother asked.

"Last night, the beginning of one," he answered. "I was walking in 825
a valley, in a grassy length of it. A big longtail (cougar) came out 787
from the timber, and I said to it: 'Oh, you powerful, always-successful killer of your food. I am poor. Pity me. Help me; give me of your power; help me to live a long and successful life.' He looked at me, turning his head this way and that way. At last he answered: 'You

714 And I!" cried the others, but Black Otter had been first to answer, and it was agreed that he should do it, Fox Eyes saying to him: "I am pleased. I know that you will make me a shield of powerful protection. I give you two of my horses."

[793] [237] [123] To ask that some renowned medicine man (Sun priest) make the shield had been the object of the feast, and all who came knew it. After they had gone Fox Eyes asked me if I would assist him in getting the necessary bull's hide for the shield and the eagle tail feathers for its fringe, and I was all for it. Since a buffalo bull could be killed at any time, we decided to secure the tail feathers first. Now, while it was allowable to kill eagles in any possible way for ordinary purposes, there was but one way to get them for decorating shields, which, to the Blackfeet, were their most cherished, believed-to-be-protective possessions, and that way was, of course, difficult and dangerous.

223 [412] [237] So was it that, on the following morning, with a couple of buffalo shoulder blades for shovels, and a stout, sharp-pointed length of birch sapling for gouging the earth, Fox Eyes rode to the top of a butte a couple of miles above camp and began to dig a pit in it. It was hard work; we were three mornings in completing it, a pit about five feet long, three feet wide, and four feet deep. We then packed up a lot of willow sticks, laid them crisscross over the pit, and covered them with grass in so natural a manner that the covering had all the appearance of solid ground.

[825] [237] Better than anything else, not excepting even the young of deer or antelope, eagles like the livers of wolves and coyotes. Since it might require several days to kill one of them, we sewed up a wolfskin, stuffed it with grass in as lifelike a manner as possible, and laid it upon the covering of the pit; last we cut a gash in its side and inserted a large piece of buffalo liver, leaving a part of it protruding. All was in readiness now for catching an eagle when it should come to the bait. Fox Eyes was to sit in the pit waiting and when one came and began eating the liver, he was to reach up, grasp it by its legs, and, drawing it down into the pit, kneel upon it until the life was extinct. This was a hazardous undertaking; there was great risk that

the eagle might pluck out the seizer's eyes with its sharp bill or tear 223
his flesh with its poisonous claws.

It was late when we finished our work on the butte and returned
to camp. In the evening we sat for a time in Black Otter's lodge, and [793]
he sang some sacred songs and prayed Sun to give Fox Eyes success [533]
in eagle-catching. On the following morning Badger Woman gave [782]
us an early feed of broiled meat and tea, and then Fox Eyes burned 824
some sweetgrass close before his couch, bending over the smoke 783
and grasping handfulls of it with which he rubbed himself. Sweetgrass
was a sacred plant; its delicious perfume was greatly prized
by Sun; the smoke of it removed all human odor.

Having purified himself, Fox Eyes, as was required of him, said 223
to his mother and sister: "I am going this morning to attempt to
catch an eagle, and you women must do all that you can to aid me.
Until I return you must remain in the lodge, continuously praying
for my success. Also, lest in seizing an eagle he should pierce me [784]
with his claws, you must not put any thorny wood on the fire, nor
eat thorny berries, and for the same reason you must not use a needle,
or awl, or scratch yourself."

With that we saddled the horses that we had picketed the evening
before, on our way taking up a human skull which we had found at
the edge of a grove and which Fox Eyes was to place in the pit. There [826]
was nothing that the Blackfeet dreaded so much as a human skull,
but for this very reason it was considered necessary for an eagle
catcher to have one in his pit. It was a test of his courage to sit with
it during his long times of waiting and watching for an eagle to appear,
and there was no possibility of going to sleep and losing his
chance to seize one, with such a fearsome object at his side.

When Fox Eyes had settled down in the pit and was comfortable, I carefully replaced the sticks and grass that he had pulled aside in order to enter. Then, saying that I hoped he would have quick success, I mounted my horse and, leading his horse, rode to the top of a butte a half-mile away and sat down in the shade of a pine tree to await the result of our work. The sun was then well up in the blue, and I searched in all directions, but not an eagle was in sight. Not even

It was indeed a magnificent bird, a male war eagle,[2] its tail feathers 223
long, smooth, glossy, white with black tips. As we rode homeward
with the bird, I was as pleased with the success of the day as he.

"A good beginning," Black Otter said to him. "Catch three more [825]
of them, and then I will prepare you for the war trail."

Within ten days' time Fox Eyes had the tail feathers of four eagles,
all of them caught at the pit. Wonderfully good luck, all said, for [714]
he now had enough of the tail feathers for the fringe of the shield
and for a war bonnet, too. We then went out hunting, and with my 224
rifle he killed a buffalo bull, an old, old one, whose once crescent-
shaped, smooth, black, sharp horns were now mere rough, pale stubs.

"He has been brave; he has fought many battles and survived
them," said my friend, as we were removing the hide from its neck
and shoulders. "It is a sign that a shield made of his hide will be my [714]
powerful protector, keep me safe in fights with our enemies." [825]

There was evidenced his real faith. To the Blackfeet there was a [787]
sign, an omen, for good or for bad in everything, no matter how
trivial. We took the piece of thick hide to Badger Woman, and she
carefully removed its fur, leaving the glossy, brownish-black surface
intact. Then one afternoon it was handed to old Black Otter, 796
and the interesting ceremony of transforming it into a shield took 281
place. 714

Black Otter was dressed in his war clothes, soft buckskin shirt. [793] ●
leggings, and moccasins, beautifully embroidered with varicolored [292]
porcupine-quill designs, and on his head was a horns-and-ermine-skins
war bonnet. His hands and face were painted a dull red, the [822]
sacred color. By the side of his lodge the piece of bull hide was [302]
stretched and pegged to the ground, and, kneeling on it, he began
to pray, at the same time starting to cut from the hide a circular piece
about four feet in diameter.

"Oh, Sun! Oh, Night Light! Morning Star! Oh, all you Above 796
Ones," he chanted, "Listen and pity us this day. This shield that I am 782
making, give it of your sacred power so that it will keep its owner 714
safe in his encounters with the enemy. Oh, Above Ones! To all of

[036]

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[2] It was the golden eagle, *aquila chrysaëtos canadensis.*

796 782 us, men, women, children, give long good life, good health; help us
714 to overcome our enemies who are ever seeking to destroy us."

714 Some women were heating a number of stones in a little fire, and
281 near it a small pit had been dug in the ground. The women rolled
part of the stones into it, covered them with a thin layer of loose
● [793] earth. Then Black Otter, with the help of three war-clothed friends,
laid the circular piece of hide over the pit and, inserting pegs into
slits that had been cut at regular intervals along its edge, fastened
it to the ground.

[555] As each man drove in a peg, he counted coup, told of some fight
with the enemy in which he had been the victor. Tightly the hide had
been fastened down; it began to shrink from the heat under it until
it pulled the pegs over. As fast as they loosened, the three men helpers
[793] drove them in again; Black Otter carefully supervised the work,
often feeling of the hide to make sure that it did not get hot enough
to burn, and calling for more hot rocks as they were needed.

In about an hour the hide had shrunk to about half its original
[793] diameter, and was at least an inch thick. During that time Black
[782] Otter had frequently prayed, and with his helpers had sung a num-
[533] ber of sacred songs. Finally Fox Eyes took the hide home and in due
714 time made a beautiful, tail-feathers-trimmed shield of it. Lastly he
made a war bonnet of the remaining tail feathers, and was then ready
[721] for war. A few days later he did set out with a small party to raid
the horse herds of the Assiniboines, and I returned to the trading
727 post. A month or more later Fox Eyes came to visit me, came sing-
554 ing a war song, riding a fine horse and leading another. Tossing its
[533] rope to me, he said: "*Apikuni*, I give to you this Cutthroat (Assini-
boine) horse. Three of them I took. One Cutthroat I killed and this
–see it–many-shots gun I took from him. *Apikuni*, Sun is good to
[787] me. My sacred helper, that water animal of my vision, is powerful.
[825] *Apikuni*, I am a happy man. I am soon to have a lodge of my own."

"Good! Have three wives, four wives. While you are about it, be
a real chief," I said.

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Cut-Nose[1] (Told by *Apikuni*, but Actually Related to Him by Bear Head)

Amunis Ahki ("Otter Woman"), daughter of Eagle Plume, was 793 ●
the most beautiful girl of the Pikunis. She was fairly tall, exquisitely
formed, of perfect features; her hair in two neat braids hung far
below her waist. She was her mother's able assistant in all the lodge
work and was given to sitting with her elders more than mingling
with those of her own age; she loved to listen to the tales of the
medicine men and the sacred Sun-lodge women—tales of the gods and
their wondrous deeds. Seven times her mother had been leader of [346]
the women who annually built the great tribal offering to Sun, the [782]
medicine lodge, as we old-time traders called it. It was the girl's great [152]
ambition to be herself one of those sacred and honored women.

Only married and widowed women of absolutely blameless characters
could vow to Sun that they would build him a great lodge.
But now, in her eighteenth summer, Otter Woman was promised to [584]
young Black Elk. He was off with a war party to raid the horse herds
of the Crows; upon his return, the two were to live in a lodge that
their mothers had made, for which they had gathered the furnishings.
Then when Black Elk should go again to war, or if he should [782]
fall sick, it would be her privilege to vow to Sun that, if he would [346]
keep her man safe in his encounters with the enemy or, on the other
hand, cure him of his illness, she would build a sacred lodge in his
honor.

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[1] Published as "A Blackfoot Tragedy" in the *Los Angeles Times Magazine* (March 27, 1932).

777 not only equivalent to the native sweat lodge, but "that when they had received
177 baptism they can conquer any enemy whatsoever." Furthermore, they believed
he could "cause the thunder to roll" when he was not satisfied. Apparently it
was this last power, which they attributed to him, that won Father Point his
Blackfoot name of "Thunder Chief."[2]

532 All of the other pictures on this plate refer to aspects of the Indians'
traditional religious beliefs – beliefs they had held long before Father Point
appeared among them.

532 The picture at the lower right contrasts most sharply with the Indians'
773 recognition of Father Point as the new Thunder Chief. It depicts the traditional
[796] thunder ceremony of the Blackfoot – the medicine-pipe ceremony, performed
[778] each spring after the first thunder was heard. As early as 1809 the British fur
trader, Alexander Henry, had observed, "Thunder is a man who was very wicked
[821] and troublesome to the Indians, killing men and beasts in great numbers. But
[175] many years ago he made peace with the Blackfeet, and gave them a pipestem in
token of his friendship, since which period he has become harmless" (Henry
1897: II: 366). A well-known tribal myth, recorded by Clark Wissler and David
Duvall (1908: 89-90) more than a half-century ago, tells of Thunder's gift of the
medicine-pipe to the Blackfoot, along with instructions for the performance of
the ceremony in his honor.

The two thunderbirds pictured at the top of this scene were believed to cause
793 thunder and lightning by the flapping of their huge wings. The perspective in the
532 lower portion of this scene is deceptive. Actually the medicine-pipe man is
intended to be sitting in front of rather than on top of the dry-painting altar
[796] which was specially made for use during the ceremony. He wears the distinctive,
[292] club-like headdress of a Blackfoot medicine-pipe man. The German scientist,
[175] Maximilian, Prince of Wied-Neuwied, while he was among the Blackfoot at Fort
[302] Mc Kenzie during the late summer of 1833 observed that the medicine men
"divide [their hair] into several thick queues all around, and generally bind them
altogether with a leather strap, in a thick knot over the forehead" (Thwaites
1904-1907: XXI: 99-100).

796 The altar for the Blackfoot medicine-pipe ceremony was of dry color upon
532 the ground in front of the pipe-owner, the leader in the ritual. One half was red
[237] (at left in the picture), and the other half black (at right). Four feather plumes –
two red and two black – were placed upright at the corners of the altar. These
characteristics of the altar for the medicine-pipe ceremony are correctly depicted
in the artist's scene.

796 The medicine-pipe ceremony and that of the horse medicine cult among the
[123] Blackfoot were closely associated. On the night of March 29, 1943, I witnessed a
horse medicine ceremony conducted by Wallace Night Gun, then leader of that
[178] cult on the Blackfeet Reservation. The altar prepared, used, and destroyed
before the conclusion of that lengthy ceremony was like the one pictured by the
unknown Indian artist in his representation of the medicine-pipe ceremony
nearly a century earlier (Ewers 1955: 265-66, fig. 33). Wissler has described in

122 never know. Ordinarily, I should have passed such an encounter
732 without undue personal involvement, but fatigue, uncertainty with
regard to the whereabouts of Jim and the Chief, and the distressing
emotional iotacism which at times plagues even the best of us, con-
spired to evoke within my personal self an almost articulate resent-
ment that my unannounced return to the Reservation had not been
rewarded with a panorama somewhat more inspiring.

122 By the time I had turned off the ignition and gotten out of the
station wagon, I found myself being converged upon by two Indian
123 men, each from his separate abode—and neither, I soon learned,
destined to elevate my currently subterranean morale. One man was
quite young and effusively, almost obsequiously, eager to please,
and from him I learned that the Chief is very much alive indeed and
that he and Jim are over in Canada, at Gleichen, attending a Black-
foot Sun Dance (Medicine Lodge). Damn, but I wish I were with
796 them! The Sun Dance is the very focus of Blackfoot religious ritual,
178 and it is becoming an increasingly rare episode in Indian life. Only
the very old Indians know how properly to sponsor and conduct the
[793] ceremony, and since the Holy Woman (an Indian lady, always
above any moral reproach, who makes the formal vow to the Sun)
[785] and all the other principals must undergo a fast of four days, those
persons who are both qualified and physically able to participate in
the Sun Dance are very few indeed.

There has not been a Blackfoot Sun Dance here in the States for
several years, and I doubt seriously that there will ever again be
one. The so-called Sun Dances held by Plains Tribes other than the
Blackfoots are ersatz gestures at best and are significantly performed
796 during the height of the tourist season. These ceremonies are in the
same category as the "adoption" ceremonies—innumerable Whites
178 believe that they have been "adopted" by one Indian tribe or an-
597 other—which are not adoption ceremonies at all but merely name-
[553] giving ceremonies (one of which, thanks to the publicity-conscious
Great Northern Railway, can be purchased from even the Black-
foots for fifty bucks). A true Blackfoot adoption ceremony involves
a ritual of four days duration, and it is a very serious and a rather
strenuous procedure for all parties involved. One does not properly
become adopted into the Blackfoot *tribe;* one becomes an adopted
member of a Blackfoot *family,* with all the privileges and responsi-
bilities attaining to true family membership. Very, very few persons
of White blood have ever been awarded this honor.

177 The Blackfoots were the last of the Western tribes to have inter-
course with the White Man, and they never had any more to do with

797 551 [789] cially easy to accept. A crucifix constituted a nifty recruit to the warrior's collection of protective amulets and charms, and when a priest endowed the converted Blackfoot with the name of a Catholic saint, this was to the Indian very much like his own custom of taking a new name (very often the name of a former chief or hero of his tribe) upon the occasion of achieving a significant coup against the enemy. To this day, a substantial number of Blackfoots have as a given name the name of a saint. Offhand I can think of Evangeline Big Beaver, Theresa Bull Child, Dennis Bad-Old-Man, Michael Scabby Robe, Bernard Red Head, Ursula Running Crane, Theola Cut Finger, Bernadette Red Head, Clement Big Springs, Serena Little Dog, Paul Calf Looking, Calvin Kicking Woman, Jason Dusty Bull, Rufus Good Striker, Terrence Little Bull, Angeline Old Person, Maurice Red Horn, Frederick Takes Gun, Francis Bull Shoe, Agnes Comes-At-Night, Woodrow Calf Robe, Anthony Mountain Chief, Tyrone White Grass, Hiram Daniel Calf Looking, Aaron Skunk Cap . . . There are many others.

551 553 [193] The names Joseph and Mary are especially popular here on the Reservation, and the Chief once mentioned that he used to have an aunt named John—which is not at all funny if you know anything about the Blackfoots and their language. Blackfoot names have no sexual connotation, and a female is distinguished from a male by having the suffix *áki* (woman) added to her name. Incidentally, although popular fiction would have us believe that all Indian maidens are called "Shining Water" or "Morning Star," the truth is that Blackfoot girls, who were (and usually still are) named by a male relative or by some prominent male member of the tribe, were *not* named in imitation of some aesthetic object or experience. They were named in honor of a particularly notable war achievement by the namegiver, and instead of being named "Sweet Prairie Flower," a girl was more apt to go through life as "Kills Instead," "Found A Gun," or "Two Cutter" (the actual Indian names of some very fine Blackfoot ladies of my acquaintance).

795 793 Whatever the reason for the success or failure of the early Catholic missionaries, the strength of the Roman Church on the Reservation today (take it from a Protestant who knows) is in the presence here of such men as Father Mallman, the marvelous old Jesuit priest who has been ministering to the Catholic faithful down at Heart Butte for God-knows-how-many years. Father Mallman loves and understands the Blackfoots, and the Blackfoots love and respect the Father in turn. The Catholic congregation at Heart Butte is large and faithful in attendance, and if some members celebrate Mass

795 793 and Blackfoot religious ceremonies back to back, and if a Blackfoot religious article slips into the grave at a good Catholic funeral, and if the grave is decorated not with flowers but with yard goods, blankets, tobacco or children's toys, the good Father does not see these things. His concern is with lives and with souls, not with gestures, and perhaps this is one of the reasons that all the Blackfoots, of whatever religious belief, hold him in such high regard.

Volumes could be written about Father Mallman, but I think that a single anecdote of recent occurrence will suffice. It is no secret that [764] when an elderly "long-hair," a member of the Father's congregation, was laid to rest with Catholic rites a few years ago, a horse was killed in the man's honor (an ancient Indian gesture of respect for the deceased). And when some sanctimonious grimalkin came tattling to Father Mallman about the horse, the Father's only comment was that he hoped it had been a very good horse because the deceased had been a very good Catholic.

793 177 [123] I think that the basically syncretistical attitude of the Blackfoot toward Christianity—an attitude which *must* be understood if one is to achieve any real understanding of the Indian himself—is well expressed in a story which the Chief told to me four years ago, after he had adopted me as his son. This was the traditional Blackfoot story of the Creation, and although it became apparent as the story unfolded that much of the traditional Christian belief had by now become incorporated into the Blackfoot tradition, it became apparent too that here was not only a classic of American Indian legendry but a classic statement of philosophical and religious tolerance from which our overly sophisticated modern world might well derive a meaningful lesson.

126 The occasion of the Chief's telling this story also hosted my first attempt to transcribe Blackfoot into English, and a rereading of this virginal effort never fails to paint my downy cheek with the rubescence of embarrassment. There was nothing wrong with my translation—that was fine—but when it came to preparing the story for publication I apparently felt compelled to imitate the asininities of certain of my predecessors in the field of Indian study because I loaded the phrasing with such conventional Indian corn as, "Hear me!" and "I have spoken!" Granted that a word-for-word translation of Blackfoot into English would not be possible, and granted also that these lofty phrases represent a perfectly valid interpretation of the meanings implicit in the Blackfoot phrases from which they were taken, the fact remains that the very same Blackfoot phrases could with equal validity have been rendered as, "Get this straight, Bus-

159 there. I had a strange feeling about the man, but my father
796 said that I had better go up and see what he wanted, so I filled
756 a pipe with tobacco and climbed the hill. When I saw all the
goods that were piled up there, I knew that the Thunder Medicine Man must indeed have painted many people.

I presented the pipe to the Thunder Medicine Man, and we smoked it together, and then the man spoke. He told me that it was not good that there should be more than one Medicine Lodge. He said that I should tell my father (he used the term, "our father") that he must use his influcnce as chief to convince the people that the Medicine Lodge at Old Agency should be taken down immediately and that all the people should come up and join in the Sun Dance at Starr School. I told him that he had better discuss such important matters directly with my father, and he agreed to accompany me down to my father's lodge.

In my father's lodge we smoked another pipe, and then the Thunder Medicine Man spoke to my father—but instead of addressing him as "father" he called him "mother." [I don't know why the Chief should have considered this point worthy of
[601] mention. The North Blackfoots address both father and mother
with the same term, *na-áh*. The Piegan word for father is *nín-*
[197] *nah*, the term for mother being *nik-tsís-tah*, and although the
Piegans sometimes use the North Blackfoot word, *na-áh*, in reference to mother, they never use it in reference to father.]
● [793] He said, "Mother, you must tell the Holy Woman down at Old
Agency that there must be only one Medicine Lodge and only one encampment, and that the Medicine Lodge must be over here." My father said that he would do this immediately, and he sent Yellow Wolf to Old Agency to tell the people to move their encampment and to tell the Holy Woman to have the Medicine Lodge taken down.

But the people would not listen to Yellow Wolf, so my father went in person to talk to them. When my father had left, the Thunder Medicine Man said something that nearly caused me to lose consciousness. First he filled a pipe and smoked it with
[787] me, and then he said, "I have seen Thunder [Thunder had appeared to him in a dream in human form] and he looks exactly like you. I have promised to sell the Thunder Lodge to Iron Pipe, and for two weeks I have waited for Iron Pipe to appear. I will wait for another two weeks, and if Iron Pipe has not come to claim the lodge, the Thunder Lodge shall be yours."

Late in the evening of that same day there was a hard, brief 159
thunderstorm, with much lightning. [Anyone who has seen 796
lightning on the High Plains of Montana has no difficulty in 756
understanding why the Blackfoots regarded it as a supernatural [132]
expression; it is lightning totally different from any I have
seen elsewhere.] When it was over, the Thunder Medicine Man came again to my father's lodge.

My father said, "I am sorry. I have done my best, but my [195]
arms are not long enough. ["My arms are not long enough," is the literal translation of a Blackfoot phrase which is intended to suggest something like, "my influence is not broad enough,"
or, "my authority is not strong enough."] The people will not [793]
camp together, and the Holy Woman will not allow the lodge to be moved."

The Thunder Medicine Man said, "I am sorry to hear this. The Medicine Lodge is not in a good place. Thunder is not happy with the way the people are conducting themselves. Misfortune will come to them."

At that time there were several Piegan children attending the 159
Indian school down at Fort Shaw. Among them were my wife's 484
younger brother, one of Yellow Wolf's sons, and the son of my brother, Cross Guns. I was asked to go down and bring the children home for summer vacation, so I left the next day
for Fort Shaw. The journey to Fort Shaw could not be made
in a single day, and as I camped that first night north of [132]
Depuyer I was waked by another violent thunderstorm. I had no way of knowing it at the time, but when I got back home I learned that upon that night the Medicine Lodge at Old
Agency had been struck by lightning. No one but the Holy [165]
Woman had been killed. The Holy Woman had been killed by
a bolt of lightning. [As though it were not enough that this [793]
incident is a verifiable historical fact, some years later, when the daughter of this Holy Woman sponsored a Medicine Lodge, she too was struck and killed by lightning. Once again, the Holy Woman was the only one to die.]

I was delayed at Fort Shaw for two days because upon ar- 159
riving there I discovered that Cross Guns' boy had broken his 484
hip in falling from a horse. The Superintendent of the Indian
School, a man named Campbell, refused to send the boy to 757
the hospital, and in order to borrow a buggy in which to take 657
the youngster home I had to go all the way back to Choteau. 875
Campbell also did not wish to allow one of the girls to go home,

159 so I lied to him. I told him that the girl's father had died and
484 the girl was his only heir and that it would be necessary for
her to return home for the property settlement. I told him that
752 a lawyer had told me to bring her home, and when I said this,
657 Campbell not only let her go but insisted upon giving us rations.
875 He also gave us eight pillows with which to make Cross
Guns' boy comfortable in the buggy. [I researched this portion
[128] of the narrative with great thoroughness, and positively established
as facts the following: (1) Cross Guns' boy did break his hip in a fall from a horse; (2) The Chief was forced to transport the boy by buggy all the way from Fort Shaw to his home near Browning (a distance of well over one hundred miles!); (3) F. C. Campbell, the superintendent of the Indian school at Fort Shaw, later became both Supervisor of Indian Industries for the States of Montana, North Dakota, Wyoming and Idaho *and* Superintendent of the Blackfoot Indian Reservation, and although Campbell managed by hook or crook to remain in the Indian Service for 39 years, his conduct was such that at long last, on July 24, 1929, F. C. Campbell became the subject of a special investigation by the Committee on Indian Affairs of the United States Senate.]

159 Cross Guns' boy had to lie on his back in the bed of the
wagon, and since it would have been inhuman to force him to
484 travel in the daytime, with the sun in his face, we traveled
752 at night, by moonlight. We had no medicine to give the boy,
[273] but at Choteau I had gotten hold of some whiskey and we gave
this to the boy to ease his pain. We dosed him with whiskey until he passed out.

159 North of Choteau, on a bright, moonlit night, with every star
clear in the sky, we were traveling along when suddenly lightning
484 began to flash. Drags His Robe, Heavy Breast and some
752 other old-timers were traveling with me at the time, and none
132 of us could figure out the reason for this sudden advent of fierce
lightning flashes. We stopped and took shelter, but although the lightning continued until dawn, not a drop of rain fell and not a cloud darkened the bright full moon. It was the strangest thing I had ever experienced, and I assure you that the boy was not the only one to take a shot of whiskey that night.

At Depuyer we got some more bootleg whiskey for the boy,
and finally we all made it back home. The first thing I noticed
159 upon arrival was that the Medicine Lodge had been torn down,
346 and the first person I encountered, a lady named Goods Steal-
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793

ing Woman, told me about the Holy Woman's having been 159
killed by lightning. Goods Stealing Woman had been in the 346
Medicine Lodge at the time, but she, like everyone else except 165
the Holy Woman, had been spared by the lightning bolt. 793

Iron Pipe had arrived in time to claim the Thunder Lodge, 159
but Many Guns, a friend of mine from Gleichen, came to my 778
teepee and told me that the Thunder Medicine Man had saved
for me a medicine drum, some medicine bells, and some other 796
things. In order to receive the medicine articles I had first to go through a ceremony, so at the appointed time I called at the lodge of Iron Pipe. Iron Pipe's wife would not at first allow me to enter the lodge, but Many Guns explained that I was an invited guest and so the woman allowed me to take my place in the lodge.

The ceremony was conducted by the medicine man from 159
Gleichen, the Thunder Medicine Man. I sat on his right, and 778
Iron Pipe sat on his left. The Thunder Medicine Man lighted 796
a smudge of juniper and then handed the smudge stick to
Iron Pipe. Then he sang four songs. 756

The words to the first song were, "When the wind blows, [533]
that is my medicine."

The words to the second song were, "When it rains, that is my medicine."

The words to the third song were, "When it hails, that is my medicine."

The words to the fourth song were, "When the weather becomes clear after a storm, that is my medicine."

When he had finished singing, the Medicine Man took the smudge stick and with it scratched a jagged line in the earthen floor of the lodge from the place where I sat to the door; then he drew a similar line from the place where Iron Pipe was sitting. Then the Medicine Man resumed his seat, and immedi- [789]
ately lightning flashed along the jagged lines from in front of
Iron Pipe and me to the open door of the lodge.

This was the most frightening thing I have ever witnessed. I knew that this medicine man had great power, and I asked him whether there was anything in his power that was against me. He said, "No, there is nothing in my power against you.
But you must never again eat roseberries; if you do, your whole [784]
body will break out in a rash the same color as the roseberries." [262]

I said, "What about tomatoes?"

He said, "Tomatoes are all right, but you must never again, under any circumstances, use red paint on your blanket."